

January, 1942

THE LEATHERNECK

MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

Price, 25c



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(AUG. 19, 1812)

CONSTITUTION - 54 GUNS -
7 KILLED - 7 WOUNDED.
GUERRIERE - 49 GUNS -
15 KILLED - 24 MISSING.



P. NILES HART

WONDERS OF AMERICA

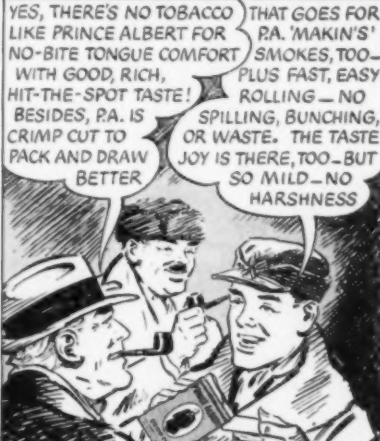
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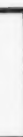
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THE LEATHERNECK

MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

CONTENTS

• CONTRIBUTING STAFF

SAN DIEGO

Headquarters Co., 3rd Bn, 7th Marines
George Miller, Jr.
Co. K, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines Edmund Dunham
Co. I, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines J. J. Schaffer
Co. L, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines Paul Turner
Co. M, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines Raymond Roecker
Hq. and Service Co., 8th Marines
Hq. and Service Co., 1st Bn, 8th Marines
Co. A, 1st Bn, 8th Marines
Co. B, 1st Bn, 8th Marines
Co. D, 1st Bn, 8th Marines
Co. C, 1st Bn, 8th Marines
Hq. Co., 2nd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. E, 2nd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. F, 2nd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. G, 2nd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. H, 2nd Bn, 8th Marines
Bn Hq. and Hq. Co., 3rd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. K, 3rd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. M, 3rd Bn, 8th Marines
Co. I, 3rd Bn, 8th Marines
Hq. and Service Battery, 10th Marines
Hq. and Service Battery, 1st Bn, 10th Marines
Battery A, 10th Marines C. W. Irvin
Battery B, 10th Marines
Battery C, 10th Marines
Battery H, 10th Marines
Battery I, 10th Marines Walter Moore
Battery K, 10th Marines T. H. Hughes
Battery L, 10th Marines
Battery M, 10th Marines Edward Kimbro
Hy. & Ser. Btry, 3rd Bn, 10th Marines
A. C. Solomon
Bty. G, 3rd Bn, 10th Marines T. H. Rettig, Jr.
Hy. & Ser. Btry, 4th Bn, 10th Marines
Howard Case
Battery F, 2nd Bn, 11th Marines
Battery A, 1st Bn, 11th Marines
Company B, 1st Tank Bn.

DETACHMENTS

Bourne Field J. H. Shea
Pearl Harbor Marine Band F. A. Lock
First Parachute Battalion D. R. Farnival
MD, St. Lucia, Windward Islands
R. M. Skinner
Iona Island David Cleeland
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MB, Hawthorne, Nevada R. F. C.
MD, American Embassy, London, England
Augustus Eden
Recruiting District, Buffalo Ollie Patton
Recruiting District, Macon, Ga. W. C. West
Recruit Depot, San Diego
MB, Norfolk Navy Yard F. R. M.
SDHS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. W. W. Black
MB, Charleston Navy Yard

SEA GOING

MD, USS Erie
MD, USS Colorado Philip Donihoo

• FEATURES

Convoy	4
By JAMES N. WRIGHT	
A Night and a Day	8
By S. M. WOLCZAK	
Bomber Command	10
Sky Traps	18
MD, Warm Springs, Ga.	20
Promotion List—Sergeants Major	52

• DEPARTMENTS

The Leatherneck Sports Page	22
Bogart's Bantering	24
West Coast	26
Detachments	38
Here and There	39
Sea Going	50
Sound Off	51
From the Editor's Desk	51
The Gazette	60
In the News	64

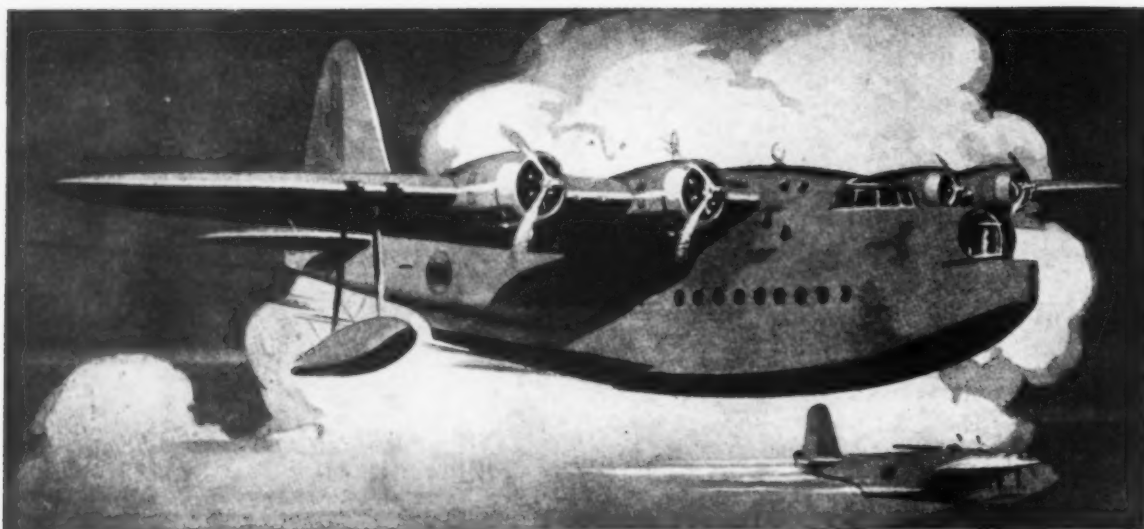
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JANUARY • 1942



CONVOY

By

JAMES N. WRIGHT

HUDDLING around a huge chart-spread table in the Merchant Plotting room of the grey old Admiralty building off London's Trafalgar Square, numerous clerks and officers busy themselves every morning with hundreds of small multi-colored pins that dot the charts.

These inconspicuous small pins are the life-line of a great empire.

Each pin represents a ship; its color designates whether it is in convoy or independent, whether inbound or outbound. When the men in the Plotting Room have spotted the location of every ship at sea—some 600 independents and more in convoy—the charts are taken to another room where convoy experts fight a paper skirmish, determining the best routes for each ship to pursue in the light of information on where submarines, enemy raiders, and planes are operating.

By the afternoon the plotted charts and recommended courses are forwarded to the naval staff for study. Then directions are teletyped

to the secret headquarters in a west-coast port of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, Commander in Chief of the Western Approaches.

Sir Percy and his aides then send wireless orders to the ships at sea. In the case of convoys, they signal the naval escort, which consists in most cases of two destroyers, with here and there a corvette thrown in, trying to protect 20 to 60 vessels in the convoy.

But before this careful, secret activity can be of any effect, intrepid seamen and masters must guide their ships through submarine and raider infested waters from the arsenal of democracy to the English shores.

It is to these unsung heroes, English, American, Greek, Dutch and other nationalities, that Britain today owes her very life. Their task is, perhaps, the most important ever entrusted to any body of men, for without their unselfish sacrifice in the face of tremendous odds the English Isles would have been battered to its knees, starved, without arms.

Britain licked the submarines in the last war.



After the terrible losses during April of 1917, the worst month of unrestricted submarine warfare, the convoy system was devised. And it worked. Of all the British ships convoyed across the Atlantic in 1917 and 1918, 99.08 per cent reached their destination safely. Destroyers learned how to spot and sink U-boats. By the end of the war, destroyers and their depth charges had reduced the rate of sinkings by 71 per cent.

But in the last war the relative strength of the attackers and the attacked was radically different. Toward the end of World War I Britain had 496 destroyers, and could call to her assistance 100 United States, 92 French, and 67 Italian destroyers—a total of 755 friendly destroyers. Now Great Britain has a few more than 300 escort vessels and destroyers, counting the 50 turned over by us, and a few score corvettes. In the spring of 1917 Germany had 128 submarines—now she has many more.



So while Germany's offensive flotilla is more than half again as strong, Britain's parrying strength is less than half as strong. Perhaps the most important difference, though, is the Germans' use of aircraft. At first the Germans used aircraft principally as eyes, and to sow magnetic mines, but with the development of two long-range fighter-bombers, which can sweep halfway across the Atlantic and back, they began to use planes for destruction as well.

Besides giving the enemy bases directly opposite England, the fall of France had another important effect. The Germans seized certain French vessels which had been equipped with secret British anti-submarine devices, notably the super-sonic detector called the ASDIC. A study of this gear enabled the Germans to develop new tactics.

The U-boats tried a new tactic. From a distance they fired what the British called "Browning shots"—hit or miss attempts aimed diagonally into convoys from an extreme range of five or six miles—and then ran for it. This

method was unsuccessful, for at such long ranges torpedoes often missed altogether.

Then they hit upon the system that has been the scourge of the heroes braving the Atlantic. The submarine pack. Survivors arriving at Canadian ports tell of having been attacked by "at least three or four" German submarines; others arriving in New York referred to "a nest of at least seven subs." In one recent case, nine simultaneous torpedo explosions gave a convoy its first warning of the presence of submarines.

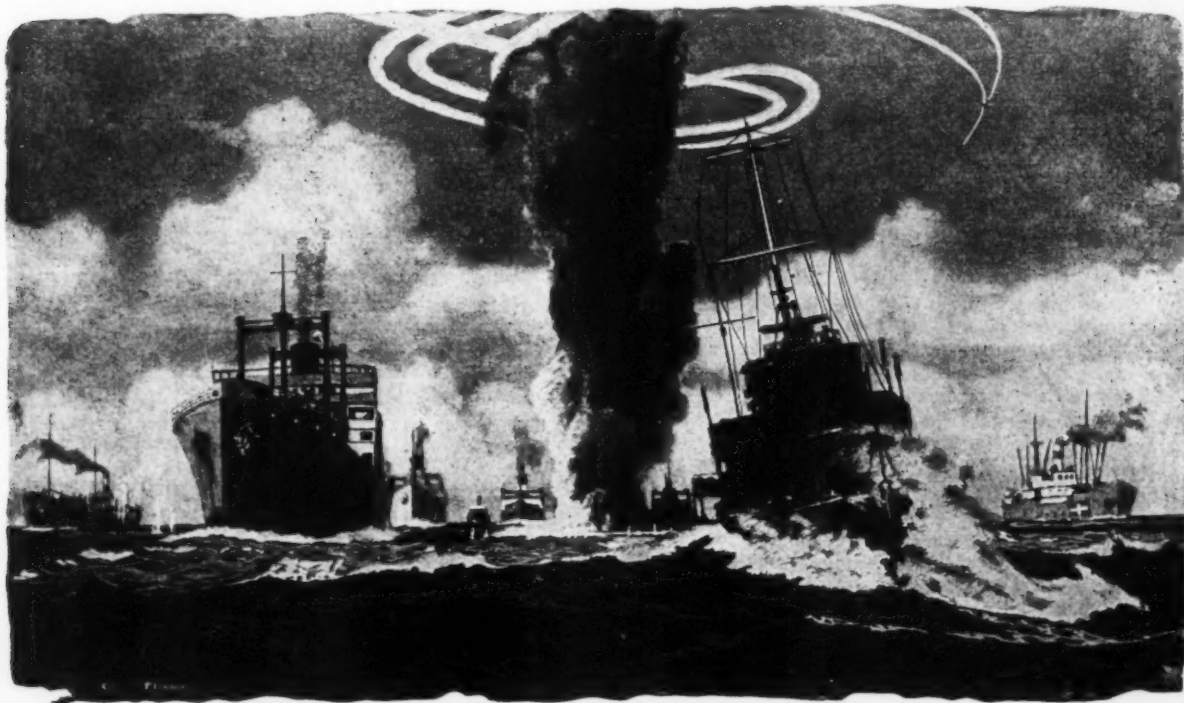
And still these men unflinchingly go about their duty—bringing food and munitions to an embattled island.

Their ships are not rapier-like, flashing through the skies at break-neck speeds; nor heavily armed and armored, going out to give battle on even terms with an equally armed foe.

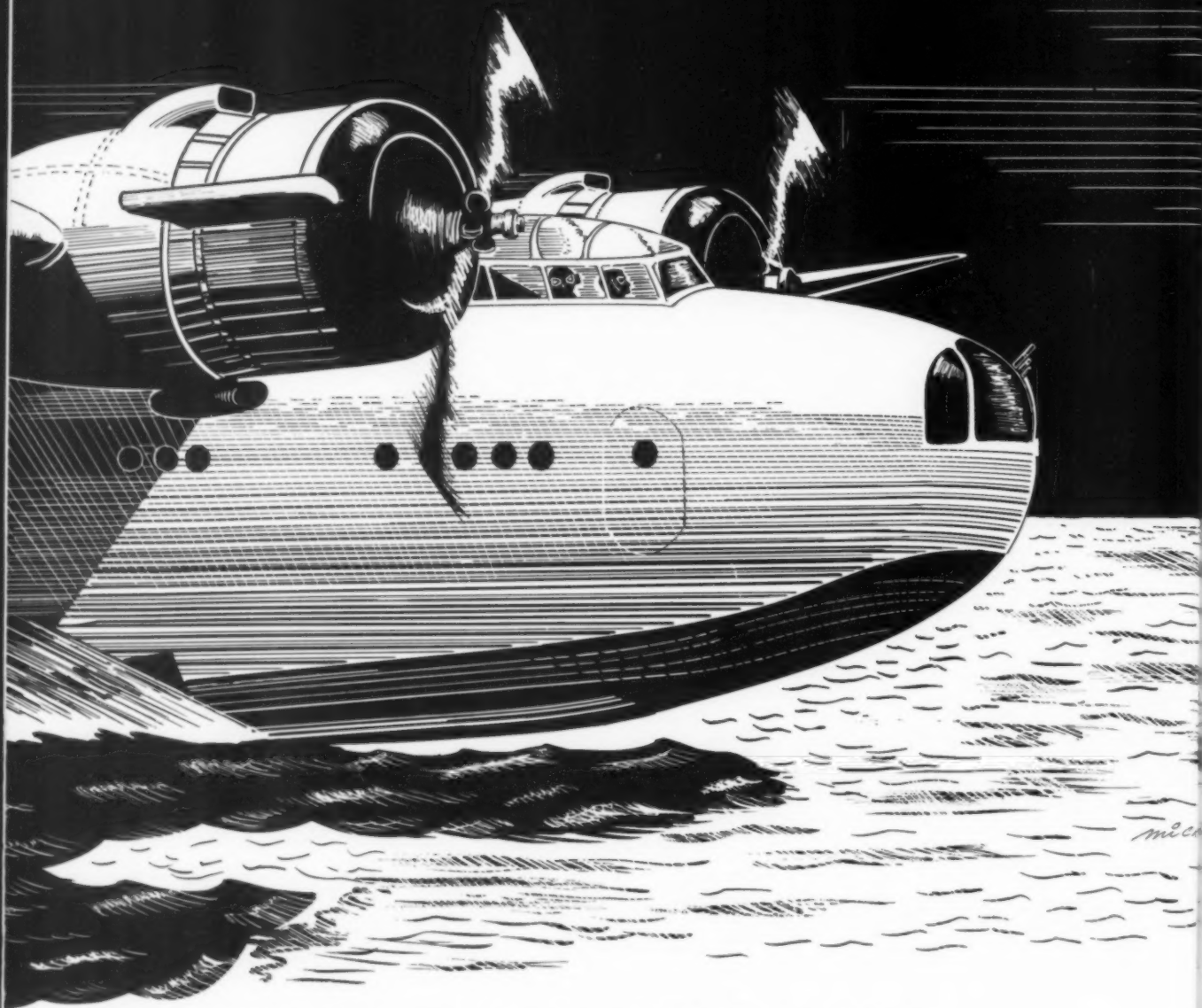
Rather their steeds are wallowing, dirty freighters, painted a dull black, slow, and lurching in action. Their armament is of the pea-shooter variety; a platform being erected on the afterdeck, with the underpinnings reinforced for the mounting of a 4.7 inch naval gun. Above the bridge, each enclosed in a tiny housing of concrete slabs, are the machine guns. These and the gun on the poopdeck complete the armament.

Forward of the wheel is a device called a Zig-Zag clock, which can be set according to any of the previously decreed zig-zag patterns so as to give an alarm at staged intervals whereupon the course is changed.

These hard-bitten men are convinced, and perhaps they are right, that flaws in the blackout are the cause of many torpedoings. It is also one of their beliefs that an escort vessel will shoot into any convoyed ship that refuses after being warned to douse an offending light. Radio sending by ships in convoy is against the rules, and all radio receiving apparatus is usually sealed, except for the ship's official radio. Signaling is generally done by flag, Aldis lamp in Morse Code, flare and whistle.



Vapor trails and explosions are the greeting upon approaching the channel



Huge flying boats of the coastal command thunder out to protect the convoys



Since a torpedoed ship may settle very fast, within minutes, lifeboats, even with the improved davits and falls, are often useless. All ships are equipped with life rafts mounted on inclined rails, which can be shot over the side and to which the men must swim if they cannot get off in the relative comfort of a boat. Around the ship, just inside the scuppers, is the de-gaussing cable which dates from the pre-Dunkirk days when it provided an answer to the "Minnenkrieg" or electric mine, then the chief threat to allied shipping. On the afterdeck are carried chemical smoke floats which can be thrown overboard to make a smoke screen. This is the only protection since merchant ships in this war are not covered with the bizarre camouflage of the last. The hulls are plain freighter black or grey and the superstructure usually brown.

Off the entrance to the harbor of Halifax, one of the greatest now engaged in the business of supplying the principal enemy of the Axis powers, the merchant ship master ceases to be a free agent, answerable to no one but the owners. The super organization of the convoy has

clamped its discipline on even the most ruggedly individual of ship's masters, and from the time of arrival at the port of assembly until the ship is free of convoy again on her outward voyage from England there will be a super-authority to which the erstwhile autocrats will have to subordinate themselves.

To enter the harbor the ship picks up the Halifax pilot and is guided over the submarine boom. She is soon boarded to see that she is not an enemy craft in disguise and then brought into Bedford Basin, which has been plotted out with key letters and numbers, identifying each anchorage position, like city street corners.

Once a ship is anchored in the basin, cleared through her agents, all necessary repairs attended to, and equipment completed, she awaits her orders from the Naval control under Commander G. C. Jones, Officer Commanding Atlantic Coast, Royal Canadian Navy.

While in Halifax the convoy is made up. Special care is taken to see that ships of nearly equal speed are sent together, since all in convoy must steam at the speed of the slowest. Delays occur in proceeding out of the way to posts of assembly, in waiting for the formation of con-

voys, and frequently in deferred loading because of congestion at ports of arrival. Then the ships are assigned their stations, the inner columns composed of the gasoline tankers and the ships with explosive cargoes.

A ship with suitable passenger accommodations is picked out for the Commodore of the convoy, since he must go on board and make the crossing with his two wireless operators and two naval signalmen.

Just before the day of sailing the masters and the Commodore meet ashore for distribution of the signaling codes and final instructions.



Halifax and Bermuda convoys sometimes join at sea and proceed as one. Halifax is not the only assembly port for eastbound convoys, but is one of the busiest and most vital places in the Empire.

Once on the open sea the forty ships of the homebound convoy are herded into position by the nervous ministrations of three Canadian destroyers and a corvette. The forty ships—this is not a large convoy, some having twice as many ships—form into eight columns of five each so as to keep maneuverability and at the same time present a flank not too long to be properly screened by the escort.

Each ship has a number—the first digit the position in column and the second the column number reading from port to starboard. The Commodore's ship is number 14, that is, at the center of the front rank. Her signals, by flag, lamp or whistle, are repeated by all ships except those in the rear rank, which merely acknowledge.

The Commodores are men of the Royal Navy Reserve, officers who have earned a peaceful retirement, but who are now called back to duty on merchant vessels. Some are retired admirals, one a former sea lord, and one is many times a millionaire.

Convoys in the North Atlantic are polyglot affairs and show that Britain is not fighting this war without allies who are able to help her, at least at sea. Most important are the Norwegians, whose merchant marine, largely intact, is directed by the government in exile. Of its thousand ships, more than half are operating in the North Atlantic. A large proportion of the Netherlands merchant fleet—430 ships with an aggregate tonnage of nearly a million—is now sailing to and from Britain carrying vital supplies. The remainder of the Dutch merchant vessels is in the carrying trade in the Pacific and Indian oceans. There are also Greek, Belgian, Free French, and even Polish vessels carrying war supplies to Britain.

Out of Halifax the convoy is guarded by airplanes overhead, by a destroyer on each side and a destroyer and a new corvette as advance and rear patrols, and by an armed converted passenger ship that will provide the "ocean escort" after the smaller craft turn back to Halifax.

If the convoy system in this war is not yet a real success it is due largely to the lack of warships for escort purposes. Destroyers take time to build and even with the 50 transferred from this country there are not enough to protect the North Atlantic convoys. The remedy, however, may be provided by the new corvettes, which are a new type of small sloop, named after the light sailing vessels of 18th century navies. Today's corvette is strong enough to fight

a submerged U-boat, but not much more. It is no more than 190 feet long, makes a speed of less than 20 knots, and carries a complement of only 50 men.

It is armed with an anti-aircraft pom-pom and four inch gun, but its deadliest weapons against subs are its depth charges. It is also equipped with all the sonic devices of a destroyer.

Most important of all, it can be built quickly and cheaply. Thus it is not out of the question that future historians may look back and decide that these frail, little and almost unarmored craft played a decisive part in the war. In Canada alone, roughly fifteen of them can now be built at a time. Canadian and British production, plus the destroyers that are now coming off the ways, make the North Atlantic convoy safer with each passing month.

A few hundred miles out of Halifax the anti-submarine escort turns back, the airplanes having been lost to sight earlier. All that remains as ocean escort is the faithful merchant cruiser, a ship that in more peaceful times was a passenger liner operating through the Suez to the Orient. Now she is armed with 6-inch guns and is playing her part in the best traditions of the British Navy. The merchant cruiser can steam more than twice as fast as the convoy, and she works her way around the freighters, sometimes taking her station ahead, sometimes astern.

The gallant men in the convoy know that the ocean escort will be no match for any deep sea raider that the Germans may have lying in wait to the North.

But they also know that no matter how powerful the battleship that may attack the convoy, the old passenger liner will move to intercept it to give the convoy a chance to scatter.

Many recall the Jervis Bay and her heroic sacrifice.

All Englishmen know the story of the 38 ships strung out in line on a calm sea. The sun was just setting gloriously. The raider appeared from the north. At about eight miles distant it started hurling 11-inch shells, the first of which fell against the largest member of the convoy and first to signal the alarm.

Without an instant's hesitation, out of the line of defenseless freighters and straight for the death-laden steel-clad swerved the armed merchant cruiser Jervis Bay, a hardy old packet of the Aberdeen & Commonwealth Line which used to take freight and poor emigrants from Britain to Australia. She had just six-inch guns and no armor plate over her ribs. Her commander was an Irish admiral's son named Edward Fegan. He had promised his men that if they ever met the enemy they would face him and close in.

The Jervis Bay closed in, laying a smoke screen as she went, behind which the rest of the convoy scattered into the growing dusk.

It was sacrificial suicide. Captain Fegan and all his men—most of them boys just out of training school—well knew it. It was also duty.

The raider's heavy shells crashed around them and Captain Fegan bawled for more steam, to get his ship within 10,000 yards so that what guns he had might penetrate the enemy's armor. As soon as the raider had the range, she sent her metal over in salvos. One of the first carried away

(Continued on page 53)



A Night and A Day

* * * * *

By

S. M. WOLCZAK

as told by
T-SGT. ALPHONSE
CARBONE

* * * * *



WE HEARD so much about the Antarctic Expeditions, the First in 1926, the Second, in 1933, and now the Third which has recently returned from the frozen lands, yet we really do not know what has taken place in that isolated area.

A number of our high-minded tax-payers have suggested that America must protect its continent from an invasion; in doing so, it must seek, develop, and arm more lands, bases, islands, or outposts so that our Fatherland, the home of Democracy, could live forever. Let us look back into the history of the Antarctic regions whose exploration has been delayed until comparatively modern times due to its remoteness from the centers of civilization.

In the eons of time, even Greek philosophers predicted that there existed similar climatic zones to those in the northern hemisphere, yet no records exist that any exploration has been undertaken until Prince Henry, the Naviga-



tor, in 1418, attempted to penetrate the Torrid Zone. No more inducements to search further south was evidenced after Bartholomew Diaz sailed around Africa in 1487, after Magellan sailed around South America in 1520, and after Schouten and Lemaire sailed around Terra del Fuego in 1615, when water routes have been established to the East. Though searching for the third world was a leading motive of many explorers in the 16th and early part of the 17th century, no illusion ever died a harder death.

When navigators rounded the Horn, they met with contrary winds which drove them southward into snowy skies and ice-encumbered seas, yet, as far as can be ascertained, none of them

before 1770 reached the Antarctic Circle, or knew it, if they did. Records show that in 1773 James Cook had crossed the Antarctic Circle for the first time in history when his ship reached 67° 15' South latitude and 39° 35' East longitude, but had to return because his course was stopped by ice. Then came Bellingshausen, Weddell, Murrell, Biscoe, Belleny, d'Urville, and Wilkes.

In 1839, Captain J. C. Ross, Royal Navy, who was in command of the Erebus, was equipped by the British government, then set sail solely to explore the Antarctic region and primarily to make magnetic surveys in the south polar seas. Ross intended to

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make straight for the meridian of the magnetic pole, but after learning that d'Urville and Wilkes had already entered those seas, he determined to try to make explorations at a higher latitude. Ross sailed farther east and on January 1, 1841, crossed the Antarctic Circle, entered the ice pack on the 5th of January in 174° East longitude which, five days later, he penetrated and reached open water. He sailed toward the magnetic pole, where he found a chain of great mountains rising from a coast which ran due south from a prominent cape, Cape Adore, in 71° South latitude.

He took formal possession of this continent, naming it Queen Victoria, landed on Possession Island, as the mainland was inaccessible, then continued southward, along the coast of Victoria Land, where he named the loftiest mountain Mt. Melbourne, then prime minister of New Zealand, sailed further south until he sighted the twin volcanoes, in 78° South latitude, naming them the Erebus and the Terror, after his ships.

From Cape Crozier at the base of the mountains, he saw a line of lofty cliffs of ice running eastward, the great ice-barrier, rising perpendicularly from the water to heights of 200 to 300 feet and continually unbroken for 250 miles, unlike any object in nature ever seen. He sailed along the barrier, naming it the Ross barrier after himself, until he reached 78° 4' South latitude, then turned to look for a winter harbor in Victoria Land, where he desired to spend the winter near the south magnetic pole. After much difficulty in locating his site, he returned to Hobart, Tasmania. He made a second attempt to reach the pole, this time approaching the great barrier from the eastward, which resulted in sailing to 78° 10' South latitude in 161° 27' West longitude, the highest latitude attained for 60 years.

In 1906-09, Robert E. Peary was the first man to reach the South Pole.

On 14 December, 1911, Captain Roald Amundsen, upon reaching Antarctica and moving South by dog sled, took observations and finally located exactly 90° South latitude, where he flew the Norwegian flag and named the land at the Pole King Haakon VII Plateau. Thirty-five days later Captain Scott, Royal Navy, unfurled the Union Jack on a site, when exact points were determined by

observation, not more than a half mile from Amundsen's position.

Sir Hubert Wilkins was the first man to fly over the South Pole. Fourteen days later, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, U. S. Navy, retired, (then Commander), flew over the South Pole on 9 May, 1926.

In discovering the South Pole, its configuration, methods and perfection of polar travel and residence was studied.

Putting all these ideas aside, from a militaristic and an economic point of view, let us look into the Second Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35, which was engineered by the World's renowned Explorer Admiral Byrd.

He, after contemplating and actually developing plans in the embryo stage, has accomplished something that will go down in history as a deed that has never been attempted by any man. In extending his explorations over Marie Byrd Land, a post 123 miles South of his Base, Little America, he made the first meteorological observations in the interior of the new continent.

After organizing and selecting 56 volunteers, a matter which concerned only the survival of the fittest, gathered from various sections of the globe, he had them examined



and lectured to them on the big task ahead of them—a task which would last at least a year and a half. Each man realized that he was a part of a big machine, a machine which must operate against the laws of nature.

A few days prior to our sailing our medical doctor, scheduled to go on this trip, reported by radio that he was stricken with illness and requested to be excused. The Admiral took this bad news with a smile, and without further wait-

ing, wired to his various friends. A day later, word was heard from a Doctor Potaka that he was ready to offer us his services. The Admiral was always busy, looking after his stores, supplies, instruments, etc. Every day would find more members arriving and reporting for duty. Then an hour before sailing, the roll was called.

In the Aviation Crew, there was Harold I. June, in charge; William H. Bowlin, pilot; Isaac Schlossback; Ralph W. Smith, pilot; William S. McCormick, autogiro pilot; and Paul C. Swan. In the Dog Department: Captain Allan Innes-Taylor, in charge; Rich-

(Continued on page 54)



First installment of the Air Ministry Account of the Bomber Command's offensive against the Axis.

Bomber

SOME 10 minutes before 11 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 3rd September, 1939, a number of high officers and civil servants had gathered together in a room in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. On a table, ready to be consulted, was a copy of the Government War Book, in which is set out the necessary action to be taken on the outbreak of hostilities by the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force and by all Departments of State.

The men in that room did not consult this book, for they were already well instructed in the directions it contained. Many of them had helped to revise these during the months separating that warm September morning from the blustering March day—the 15th of the month—on which the German armoured divisions entered Prague.

The precautionary measures had all been taken. Reservists of the three Services had joined their posts or were hastening to them. The flying squadrons of the Auxiliary Air Force had been put on a war footing. The Observer Corps manned their posts; the A.R.P. Services were ready. The men assembled in that room did not talk much. They were awaiting a message from Berlin. Few, if any, of them doubted what it would be.

The message arrived. It was from the British Ambassador to the German Reich and its purport was that there was no message. Hitler had not replied to the ultimatum of the British Government. While they were talking of this, the Secretary to the Cabinet entered. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are at war with Germany. The Prime Minister directs that the 'War Telegram' be despatched immediately." The hour was a few minutes after eleven. In the streets outside men and women watched the barrage balloons rise to operation height. At 11.15, the Prime Minister began to speak to this country and to the world.

While he was still at the microphone the War Telegram went out to all those in authority appointed to receive it. Relayed through Group Headquarters, it reached the Commander of the Royal Air Force Station at Wyton. Upon the aerodrome, waiting to take off, was a Blenheim Bomber. Three men were standing by—the pilot, the observer who was a naval officer, and an air gunner. They had been waiting since the 1st September, the day on which the Germans launched their attack on Poland. A minute after noon, about half an hour after the War Telegram had been received, the Blenheim was airborne. Some two hours later its crew were busy photographing units of the German Fleet, then on its way out of Wilhelmshaven. The Blenheim was flying at 24,500 feet. At that height in the condition of weather then prevailing the wireless set froze, so that it was not until 4.50 in the afternoon, when the aircraft returned, that Bomber Command and the Admiralty became aware of the position of the war's first target.

That evening an entry appeared in the log-book of the squadron: "Duty successful, 75 photos taken of German Fleet. The first R.A.F. aircraft to cross the German frontier."



It is to these pilots that Bomber Command owes its success.

THE LEATHERNECK

Command



On the next day as the result of a second reconnaissance the German cruiser "Leipzig" was discovered near the entrance to Wilhelmshaven, four destroyers in the Jade Bay and two warships at Brunsbüttel at the western end of the Kiel Canal.

Twenty-nine Blenheims and Wellingtons took off in the afternoon to attack these units of the German Fleet. The weather was very bad. There was heavy rain and low cloud over all that part of the coasts of Germany. Though many of our aircraft went astray, one reached Brunsbüttel and bombed a warship with no observed result. Five Blenheims reached the Schillig Roads. They were carrying 500-lb. bombs, fused for a delay of eleven seconds. Up the roads they flew in open formation some 500 feet above the sea. Two of them in the rear lost touch, but the other three held on and presently sighted, between rain squalls, a German battleship, the "Von Scheer." She was to port of them. No. 2 of the squadron, flying to starboard and abreast of his leader, pulled up over him, turning very sharply. This manoeuvre put him in a position to attack first. He did so, but his first bomb missed the ship ten yards and his second failed to leave the aircraft.

Meanwhile his leader was coming in to the attack. To deliver it he descended almost to the surface of the water. A tender alongside the stern of the warship provided momentary cover. The leader skimmed over this and pulled up just high enough to clear the mast of the "Von Scheer." His observer saw men leaning against the rails of the ship and a line of washing hanging out to dry.

Then the bombs fell and pieces from the catapult gear, used to launch the ship's aircraft, flew into the air. The third Blenheim attacked a second later, but its crew were uncertain whether they had scored hits. The attack was a complete surprise. One moment the German crew were taking their ease on deck, the next they were doubling to their action stations as the British bombers climbed up and away into the thick air, bullets flashing past their wings "like small blue electric sparks."

These Blenheims were followed by five more, who attacked from a very low level. Only one returned. The exact fate of the others is not known, but months later a German, talking of this raid to a friend in a compartment of a train crossing Northern Italy, remarked upon the reckless gallantry of their crews. It appeared that the crew of at least one Blenheim attacked the enemy so closely that the blast of their bombs when they exploded on the warship destroyed their aircraft. Our total losses were two Wellingtons and five Blenheims.

With this attack the war began.

In skill, resource and resolution, it was typical of all which were to follow, and showed clearly to those in command of the Royal Air Force—though they had never doubted that it was so—that the men whose fathers had fought the Germans in the last war were in every way worthy of their begetters.

This record is, for the most part, the story of the Battles, the Blenheims and the Hampdens, the Wellingtons and the Whitleys. Our larger and more modern aircraft, the Stirlings, the Manchesters, the Halifaxes, the Flying Fortresses and the rest, enter it only at the end. It has been the aircraft constructed before the war that have up till now been the chief instruments of the attack on Germany.

In these aircraft the men of Bomber Command have flown some twenty-four million miles during the period under review. It was a period of preparation for events on the threshold of which we are now standing. Unlike the Luftwaffe, which from the beginning was provided with

that Bomber Command was looking to carry the attack to Germany

January, 1942







The bomber crew enter their aircraft at dusk

large numbers of bombers, the Royal Air Force was, on the 3rd September, 1939, stronger in fighters. That the policy of giving priority to the creation and training of a strong fighter force was right, no one who saw or who remembers the Battle of Britain, fought and won over the Southern Countries of England during the summer and autumn of 1940, will wish to deny. Had fighters and fighter pilots then been lacking, defeat and disaster would have been inevitable.

The bomber force, however, though in numbers far from equal to that of the enemy, was compact, ready and resolute. Its task was to attack the enemy according to plan. It had been trained to carry out raids in daylight as well as by night, and it had been provided with aircraft which it was hoped would be sufficient for that purpose, both in respect of bomb load and armament.

The training had not been carried out without difficulty, for in the spring and summer of 1939 the Wellingtons, Whitneys and Hampdens were still new and comparatively untried aircraft. Before their appearance on the scene the men of Bomber Command had been flying far less powerful aircraft such as the Handley-Page Harrow, the Hawker Hind, and the Vickers Wellesley. These carried a crew of two or, at the most, three, which meant most of the responsibility during flight fell upon the shoulders of the pilot.

With the bigger aircraft, however, carrying crews of four, five, and six, the necessity for closer team work soon became apparent. A further stage in flying training known as operational training was therefore introduced.

"Captains and Crews" is a phrase constantly recurring in reports on operations. It is of importance, and its significance must be clearly understood. It means exactly what it says. A bomber, unlike a fighter, is flown not only by the pilot but also by the air observer, the wireless operator and the air gunner. They form a team and the success or failure of the flight depends on the closest and most intimate co-operation of all on board.

The captain and his second pilot do the actual flying; the observer navigates and drops the bombs; the wireless operator helps the navigator and with the air gunner does the fighting. The same spirit and practice of co-ordination is required of a bomber crew as of the crew of a racing eight or the members of a football eleven. To rewrite the old saying, their motto is, and must be, "United we fly, divided we fall." This lesson has been learned by the men of Bomber Command from the very beginning. More than anything else it is the secret of their success.

The bomber pilot differs in training and environment from his colleague flying a Spitfire or a Hurricane. A pilot of the Royal Air Force is subjected at an early stage to a process of selection by which it is determined whether he is better fitted to fly a fighter or a bomber. Both will

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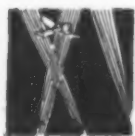
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have to fly aircraft; both will wear pilot's wings; both will be controlled, to a certain extent, by wireless from the ground or from their leader; but here their ways diverge. The fighter pilot is in action for an hour and a half to two hours at most, often far less. He is usually led into the fight by his squadron leader. Once battle is joined it is every man for himself.



Very different, but equally important, qualities are required of a bomber pilot. He must be capable of considerable physical and mental endurance, for it may be necessary for him to remain nine, ten, eleven, or even twelve hours in the air, and to fly for the most part of that time over hostile territory or across the unfriendly sea. During much of the flight he may find his aircraft the object of an attack by enemy fighters far faster and more heavily armed. By reason of their greater speed his assailants can break off and renew their assault at any moment. Surprise, that weapon which more than any other wins a fight, is theirs to wield at will.

The bomber pilot must fly doggedly on, defending himself with the aid of darkness and cloud outside and with the skill of his crew and their machine guns inside. The bomber pilot must not forget that he is one of a team and that that team is not flying separated from him in another Hurricane or Spitfire, but in the same aircraft, crouched over his navigator's table or hunched up in the gun turrets. He must be imaginative, yet not be dismayed by his own imagination, brave yet cautious, cool yet daring.

The men of Bomber Command are appointed to fulfill a special mission. Their life is not that of other men—not that even of those in the other branches of the service. Its very physical conditions are different. For them nowadays much of the night is the day, much of the day a time for sleep and repose. Discipline is constant yet flexible and its effect is to cause these men to display an informed capacity to meet life as a familiar, sometimes an exacting, but always a common, friend. Triumph and disaster are met and vanquished together. If the first be their lot, the thankfulness, the exaltation are shared equally by all the crew; of the second, if "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges," they have mounted it together and together they have ridden it to the end.

It is this ability to be at once absorbed but not blinded by responsibilities in which all have a vital part, that makes it natural for a sergeant to be the captain of an aircraft in which the rear gunner is an officer or for a group captain to fly as second pilot to a flight lieutenant. Anyone who has watched a crew discussing their route to the target or boarding their bomber before the take-off or facing the intelligence officer at the journey's end, knows this to be true.

When they are not required to take part in the night's operations they occupy themselves during the day with training, with the care of their equipment and guns, with the testing of their aircraft and with station duties. After a sortie they pass their time in various ways. Much of it spent in sleep either in their own quarters in the station itself or in dormitories fitted up elsewhere, the object being to secure for them as large a measure of quiet as possible. In some places they are to be found in small modern houses, each of which holds all or part of a crew; in others fifty or sixty men may sleep in the panelled rooms of a manor house already old when Hampden defied King Charles, Marlborough won Blenheim and Wellington cast down the French.

In their waking hours they play games, read, occupy their leisure in whatever way best pleases them. Two things are noticeable. There is no taboo on talking "shop" in the Mess and the wireless is rarely silent. Is this, perhaps, because the noise of engines is so much a part of their lives that silence seems an unnatural void? They are of necessity subjected to strain. It is the inevitable accompaniment of their calling. They are men, for the most part, in the prime of youth. For them the shapes of life and death are very real. Yet any place more free from an atmosphere of strain than a bomber station would be hard to find.

In writing of it, comparisons are more than usually odious, but perhaps it may be likened to that found in an inn frequented by mountaineers. Roped together, these go out to the assault of high and difficult peaks. Each man's life may depend, at any moment, on the skill and courage of his comrades tied to the same cord. The hours they spend overcoming the obstacles of nature to reach the ultimate point of naked or snow-bound rock which marks the summit, breed in them a spirit of fellowship denied to other men. It is this spirit, refined and made keener by the fire of war and by the sense of what is at stake, that informs the men of Bomber Command.

The key man in a bomber aircraft is the navigator. His task is threefold. He must give his pilot the directions necessary to enable the bomber to reach the target at the right time; he must aim and release the bombs and he must bring the aircraft and its crew safely back to base. Under ideal conditions his task is not difficult; but conditions are rarely ideal. Darkness, clouds, air currents, all singly or together, are his foes. His main pre-occupation is with air currents, for he finds himself, unless the wind is directly ahead or astern, in much the same predicament as a man trying to swim straight across a river disregarding the force of the current. It cannot be done. The speed and direction of the wind have to be calculated and taken into constant consideration throughout the flight.



The navigator has certain aids to help him in his calculations and enable him to check his position. These are: radio position finding, usually known as "radio fix," map reading and astronomical navigation. The first is limited by distance; the second is useless unless landmarks can be seen; the third can be used only when the stars are visible. The skillful navigator makes judicious use of all three. He is usually working in conditions opposed to accurate calculations, for he carries out his duties in a cramped space, wearing bulky clothes and an oxygen mask. Yet the proportion of bombers that reach their objectives, always very high, is growing higher. The target is hit again and again. Nearly two years of flying under war conditions have taught invaluable lessons the results of which are each night becoming more apparent. "The wind and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator" runs a quotation from Gibbon upon the wall of the briefing-room of one bomber squadron. In the past many of the greatest sea navigators were British. Today our air navigators are showing themselves to be worthy of their forbears.

Their other task is to aim the aircraft and drop the bombs from it. To hit a target is not easy. There is no barrel to direct the bomb as the rifle barrel directs the bullet. Bombs are not "projected"—that is thrown—but "released"—that is, dropped. Moreover, they fall from something which is not stationary, but moving at a high speed. The bomb at the start, therefore, has the same speed and

direction as the aircraft. Air resistance acts as a brake, but its effect is not great. The bomb does not fall vertically but moves forward as well as downward in a curved path. For example, if a bomber is flying at 10,000 feet at a speed of 200 m.p.h. a 500-lb. bomb will strike the ground more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles ahead of the point where it was released.

But enemy defences are probably active. There are searchlights and flak. The bomb-aimer has no time for higher mathematics. He uses a bomb-sight on which he has set height, air-speed, size of bomb and other factors. This instrument automatically gives a correct aim. At the right moment the bomb is released and travels steadily towards the target.



The wind has little effect on the flight of the bomb once it has left the aircraft, but an important influence which affects bombing is the strength and direction of the wind in which the aircraft itself is flying. This must be exactly calculated and set on the bombsight. To attack a small target, for example a narrow bridge, the bomb-aimer will release a "stick" of bombs, that is, a number in succession designed to straddle the target. The chances that one of the bombs will hit it are thereby increased. Up to a point, the greater the height from which it is released, the greater are the striking velocity and penetrating power of a bomb. The importance of this factor will be seen during the course of this narrative in relation to our attacks on enemy shipping. Armour-piercing bombs, aimed, for example, at the "Scharnhorst," "Gneisenau" or "Prinz Eugen," have to be dropped from a considerable height if they are to go through their protected decks.

It has already been said that one of the main obstacles besetting a navigator in the fulfilment of his task is the weather. Apart from violent changes in the speed and force of air currents, electrical storms, fog and the formation of ice on an aircraft in flight are formidable adversaries. Electrical storms may cause the aircraft to become in effect an electrical conductor. This means a danger of fire in those parts of it through which the electrical discharge cannot easily pass. Apart from the risk of fire, the navigational instruments, particularly the compass, may become unserviceable. In a storm this can be very serious; for if the pilot cannot see the land he is completely dependent on such artificial aids to navigation.

Ice may be formed on an aircraft when flying through certain types of cloud, particularly cumulus. Condensation will occur on the wings and a sudden drop in temperature causes the water thus formed to freeze. Ice on the wings may deprive them of their life. Ice in the carburetor of the engine may choke out its life.

Finally, a word as to the aircraft flown by the men of Bomber command.

Nine types of bomber aircraft have been used in Europe by Bomber Command during the period covered by this narrative. They are the Fairey Battle, the Bristol Blenheim, the Vickers-Armstrong Wellington, the Armstrong-Whitworth Whiteley, the Handley-Page Hampden, the Short Stirling, the Avro Manchester, the Handley-Page Halifax and the American Boeing Flying Fortress. The Battle has not been used by the Bomber Command in bombing operations since October, 1940. The Stirling, Manchester, Halifax and Fortress did not operate before February, 1941.

All these aircraft, with the exception of the Wellington, and, in one small respect, the Whiteley, are built of metal, with stressed metal coverings. All, with the exception of the Battle, are multi-engined, mid-winged monoplanes, the

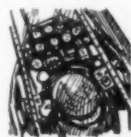
single wing being placed so that half the depth of the fuselage is above the wing and half below it. The Fortress is a multi-engined low-wing monoplane. The Whiteley differs in construction from the others only in the after-part of the wings, which is fabric covered. The Wellington is entirely fabric covered and is remarkable for its geodetic construction. The surface of the aircraft is made up of panels consisting of a diagonal criss-cross metal framework, like a trellis or a large-meshed net, on which the fabric covering is stretched.

An armament of machine guns is carried in all these aircraft, primarily for defence against fighters but also capable of offensive use against ground targets. In all types except the Battle and Hampden hydraulically operated gun turrets are fitted. These turrets make it possible for the gunner to train his guns against the pressure of the air stream at high speeds. The tail turret of the Whiteley mounts four Browning guns, controlled by one rear gunner sitting in the turret. This is a formidable armament to turn against pursuing fighters. If the rear gunner can hold his fire until the enemy is well within range, experience has shown that it will go hard with the pursuer. Four types of turret are used in R.A.F. bombers; they mount variously, one, two or four guns.

A bomber will carry no more fuel than is needed to take it to the target and back, with the necessary margin for safety. The fuel and bomb loads, therefore, vary with the range of the target chosen. At the beginning of the war Bomber Command had at its disposal two main classes of bombers—the medium type, represented by the Battles and Blenheims, capable of carrying loads of between 1,000 and 1,500 lb. for a circuit of action of 1,000 miles at a long range cruising speed, and a heavier bomber carrying either several times the bomb load for the same distance or a smaller load for a longer distance. In the latter class were the Wellingtons, the Whiteleys and the Hampdens.

Thus, from the outset of hostilities, many of the aircraft of the Bomber Command were able to fly with substantial loads to points as far as 800 miles from their bases and return—a total distance of 1,600 miles.

From our bomber aerodromes in East Anglia, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire the approximate distance to Berlin and back is 1,100 miles; to Hamburg or Mannheim and back is 900 miles; to Hamm and back is 800 miles; to the Ruhr or Cologne and back is 700 miles. There were more distant objectives. To Warsaw and back is approximately 1,600 miles; to Danzig or Vienna and back is 1,400 miles; to Prague and back is 1,200 miles. By refueling at bases in France near Rheims the return journeys to Warsaw and Vienna, for example, were reduced to 1,300 and 900 miles, respectively.



In attacks on Northern Italy our Whiteleys have flown from Yorkshire. The distance from there to Turin and back is 1,350 miles. By refueling at an aerodrome on the south coast of England, the distance is reduced to 1,050 miles. From North-east Scotland to Oslo and back the distance is 950 miles; to Bergen and back, 700 miles; to Trondheim and back, 1,200 miles. From Lincolnshire to Courtrai in Belgium, and back, a flight often made by our Blenheim bombers during the early stages of the Battle of France, is a distance of 450 miles.

Since the war began the five types then in use have been modified and improved. Four new types have been brought into service. These are the Stirling, Manchester, Halifax, and Boeing Flying Fortress. The Stirling, Halifax and Fortress are four-engined bombers. The Stirling

(Continued on page 59)

SKY TRAPS

{ A member of the "Elephant" Detachment tells of his pets }

LATEST wrinkle in the already complicated war game between aircraft and anti-aircraft is the "barrage balloon." It is not new, for you Leathernecks of the first world war will recall those grotesque bags . . . used somewhere in England . . . that were regarded with suspicion more than anything else.



But the Marines have taken the situation in hand again and so, streamlined and made serviceable, the barrage balloon is rapidly becoming a potent anti-aircraft weapon.

We know that for every action we have equal and positive reaction, and we know that any improvement in offensive weapons has always had the follow up of an improvement in defense. Thus we are bound to expect some means of curbing the effectiveness of the 400-mile an hour bomb-

ers, the improved methods of bombing and the ground strafing of troops.

In this case the partial answer is believed to be in the intelligent use of the "Barrage Balloon." Although sounding a bit complicated, the barrage is relatively simple. It consists merely of a number of balloons flying at a pre-determined altitude and placed there for the purpose of making life just a little more trying for the already harassed aviator.

A dive bomber, to ply his trade in an efficient manner, must be able to have a clear, unimpeded path from his position above the target to the target. Now imagine for the moment that you are one of these intrepid souls, and that you have just discovered a nice inviting spot in which to lay your lethal load of eggs. Naturally you are going to take a quick look to see whether the coast is clear. You do so and there, right under you, are a number of elephantine bags . . . gray in color, cumbersome to look at, and decidedly in the path from your position to the selected target. You then mutter darkly and seek a new path to the objective, but every place you look the bags are still in your way.



While you are stumbling about up there you are uncomfortably aware of the fact that the anti-aircraft guns are putting up a lot of stuff and you realize that you are flying at the optimum altitude as far as they are concerned . . . that the last burst was perilously close. But still you don't give up the idea.

Suddenly you hear a noise as if some one ripped some window shade material in another room, and one of the enemy fighter planes zooms past you and makes a quick recovery in order to get on your tail. You depart . . . hastily . . . and with many a backward glance. The combination has proved to be too much and the eggs will have to be dropped elsewhere or go unlaidd.



The hypothetical case is neither pure fiction nor a product of the imagination. The barrage balloon, as many of you old timers will know, was flown over London during the last war. During the fat years of peace the idea languished and the value of them was all but forgotten. As a matter of fact, in England the Barrage Balloon School on Salisbury Plain



was considered by some to be the last resort for the mentally and physically incompetent. Nevertheless the bags have done yeoman service since the renewal of hostilities between England and Germany, and their development and use is considered necessary in order that we here in the United States have a more adequate defense.

In renovating these sausages of the air and bringing them up to modern standards, Goodyear has developed an improved fabric for the envelope, which is what the big gas bag is called. This material is less permeable, resists heat better than the old rubber one did, and the ingredients for making it are all found within the continental limits of these United States . . . something to be considered in these days of threatened life lines.

The internal design of the bag has been altered so that the balloon is easier to handle when it is being "bedded down" . . . which means secured to its bed at night or in a high wind or during conditions of poor visibility and low ceiling. This is considered to be a distinct improvement over the balloon that the British have used with so much success.

Goodyear has also experimented with a balloon of greater capacity than has been previously used. Their conclusions relative to this are not generally known. Small bags, to be used for the protection of columns of troops, are also being developed so there will be no needless ground strafing of marching men.

Now one of the points to be made is that, as in all phases of modern war, co-operation is the thing to be remembered to insure success. The balloon barrage in conjunction with the protecting aircraft and adequate anti-aircraft fire will then be able to protect its designated area.

The Army and Navy, through the Marine Corps, are now schooling men in the myriad problems that beset balloon

men, The Leathernecks are at Parris Island where the flying elephants have aroused considerable comment and can be observed daily flying at 5,000 to 7,000 feet at the school field just north of Paige Field. The Army has its school at Camp Davis.

While the approach to the problem is necessarily not the same, both of them are working along similar lines. The Army is not charged with the defense of the "advanced bases" that the Marine Corps carries as its share of the white man's burden, so consequently they haven't the acute problem of weight and stowage space to keep before them constantly.

To add to the embarrassing moments, especially for the Marines, it is only necessary to speak of the time they lost their first balloon. Immediately faces become suffused with the type of blushes not ordinarily attributed to maidens and the language becomes sulphurous and therefore unprintable. And the Marines always hasten to add that the Army lost one first . . . as if that made some difference.

Without giving out any information compromising the inherent flying characteristics of this balloon, it can be said that due to one thing and another, the one the Leathernecks flew in a high wind acted like an inebriated elephant. The boys were getting along all right until a squall came up and then things began to happen.

The big bag began to dance and prance and generally gyrate in a manner scandalous to behold. And it wound up the fandango by tipping over a winch and departing for parts unknown. A plane was immediately dispatched to track it to its lair and shoot it, but before this could happen it settled to earth on one of the swampiest and least accessible islands that litter the South Carolina countryside.



An expedition was formed and sent off at once to bring the recalcitrant critter home, but they had to give up the first time because of the lack of man power. The day after saw them try again with complete success. The envelope was damaged slightly, and the only real loss was the gas. The junket is now known as the First and Second Expedition to Pine Island and anyone who made both trips and worked the next day is regarded as something of a man. And it really was quite a feat when you consider that several hundred pounds of the balloon was trekked out, safari fashion, through ankle deep mud and sometimes waist deep streams.

So if, on some windy day, you should see an object that resembles one of the usual blimps, and it is floating free and uncontrolled, don't think that it is a prelude to some fantastic invasion by the Men of Mars. Call the nearest balloon unit and tell the frantic and quite chagrined officer in charge that his baby is over your way and traveling fast. He'll be no end thankful and somewhat relieved.

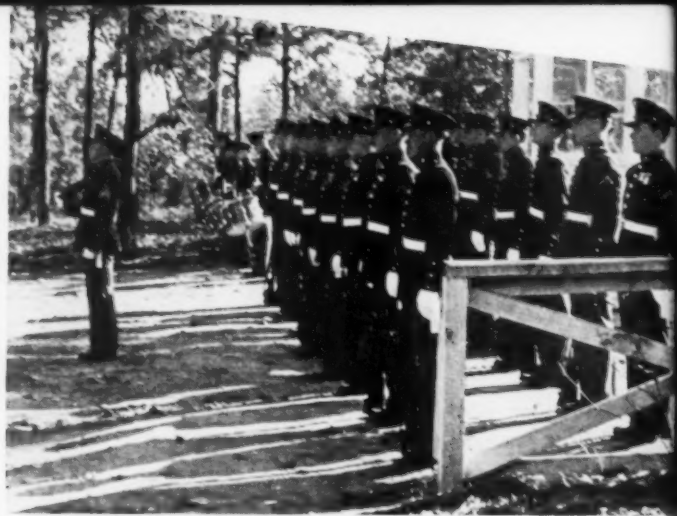
But don't touch it or attempt to roll it up. Just leave it all alone. There will presently come a young and embarrassed lieutenant to inquire just how you can get a truck back there so that he can get it out. The reason for not touching it is that the material making up the bag will tear very easily if it is handled by unfamiliar hands.

As yet there has been no nickname, that may be repeated, attached to the boys handling the balloons. "Balloonatics" has been suggested but has not been received with any enthusiasm by the personnel involved. They aren't really worried about it now . . . they are too busy learning the whys and wherefores in the operation of the barrage balloon.





The President arriving at the Little White House



Guard of honor for the President



The Little White House (above) and below No. 1 Post at Camp Roosevelt



MD, WARM

The Marine Corps once again had the honor of protecting the life of the President of the United States.

Major H. E. Rosecrans, the Commanding Officer, four junior officers, Lts. Keith, Davis, Williams, and Ludeke, and 81 men from the Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye Streets, Washington, D. C., pitched camp at Camp Roosevelt, Warm Springs, Georgia, 10 November. Galley fires were lit up and the detachment turned to on the normal camp routine of guard duty, drills, instruction and police work, etc.

A special drill team, and the Drum and Bugle Corps under the direction of Drum Major Wydick, put on a precision drill for the patients. This event has become a feature of every Warm Springs encampment, as the Marines, their blue and red dress uniforms contrasting sharply against the white colonial buildings and pine trees, execute precise military movements.

Unable to arrive in time for the National Thanksgiving on the 20th, due to the press of national and international

MD, Warm Springs, at troop and inspection





Above—Off for Washington.
Right—A drill team practices.

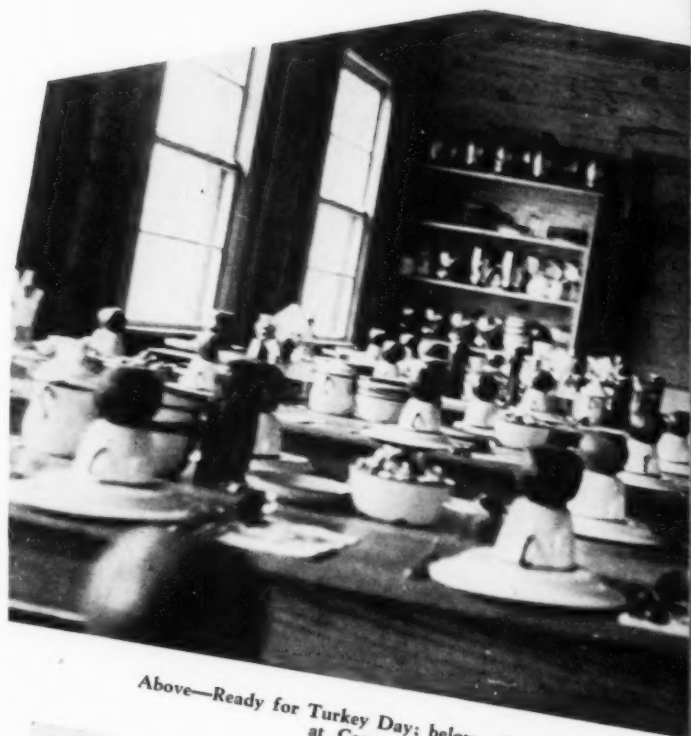
SPRINGS, GA.

affairs, the President detrained at Newman, Georgia, 29 November. He was met at the gate of the Little White House by an honor guard and the Drum and Bugle Corps, under the command of Lt. Keith.

The traditional policy of selecting, by lots, the ten patients to be seated at the Presidential Table at the Founder's Day Dinner in Georgia Hall was carried out.

A Marine, formerly stationed in China, who had entered the Foundation in July, was among the ten so honored. Following the dinner and entertainment, which was rendered by radio artists and patients at the Foundation, the President delivered a short address.

An ominous turn in the international situation necessitated the President's departure on the afternoon of 30 November. Tents were struck, baggage packed, and the detachment entrained for Washington on 2 December, arriving at the Eighth and Eye Street Barracks on the 3rd, having completed another important guard assignment.



Above—Ready for Turkey Day; below—the new Mess Hall at Camp Roosevelt

Colors



THE LEATHERNECK Sports

MARINES WIN 5TH STRAIGHT

The Third Defense softball team won its fifth straight victory by defeating the Marine Engineers by a score of 3 to 0. Alexander did the hurling for the Third Defensive while Willett did the receiving.

Alexander allowed one one hit to the Engineers. The first two runs of the game were brought in by Burk when he hit a home run with a man on second.

On November 22, the Third Defense came back and defeated the USS "San Francisco" again by a score of 6 to 5. The Marines were behind going into the last of the seventh when Blancato doubled into left with a man on second to tie up the ball game. It was not until the ninth inning that the Marines broke the ice, when Burt won his own ball game. He hit a home run into deep right field.

Blancato had a perfect day at bat with four out of four. Burt did the pitching for the Marines while Willett was on the receiving end. The Marines' great success of six straight wins is due to the wonderful support of Lt. Col. Pepper, Capt. H. O. Smith and Lt. Kirgis.

"OUTLAWS" CAPTURE PEARL HARBOR CAGE HONORS

The barracks detachment basketball team, known as the "Outlaws" for reasons best known to their top kick, 1st Sgt. Loyd C. Meeks, have again annexed the inter-company championship, giving them a total of 24 victories and no defeats in two seasons of play.

In search of statistics concerning the champions, a set of nicknames was unearthed, as euphonious and colorful as any we have run across for a long time.

Cpl. Pete Gray, team captain and high point man, is called "Wabbit," by his team-mates and fans. Pete ran up a high score of 32 points in a single game and incomplete returns gave him more than 150 points for the season.

"Stupe" Holbrook, christened Ray by his parents, comes second in high point honors with 29 for game and over 113 for the season.

"Murphy the Beast" is listed on barracks detachment roster as Cpl. Lloyd D. Murphy. In spite of his unglamorous nickname, Murphy is quite a handsome looking specimen, as any of the ladies at the Administration building will testify, and his natural dignity is further enhanced when he dons his new gold-rimmed spectacles. He completes the scoring trio of

Gray-Holbrook-Murphy, with a seasonal tally well over the century mark.

Cpl. Charles "Honkey" Millhouser, and Pfc. George "Luke" Michelsen take care of the back court chores, and right nobly, too.

Pfc. John Ventresca, known as the "Killer" for his driving, steam roller style of play; Cpl. Larry Sims, and Pfc. William Horwath, complete the 1940-41 champions.

Sims and Horwath departed for the mainland at the conclusion of the inter-company tourney. These two were members of the 1940 champion "Outlaw" aggregation and were largely responsible for the string of victories credited to the B. D. team.

Horwath is expected back after a furlough with his family, and a great deal is expected of him in the forthcoming Navy-Sector cage loop.

Cpl. Sims has been assigned to recruiting duty at Milwaukee, upon completing his tour of duty in the Islands.

Much new talent was brought to light in the recently concluded inter-company basketball league. Gunnery Sgt. John Donnelly, who will coach the post team this season, is busily engaged in selecting a representative team from the many candidates.

There will be two Marine teams on the hardwoods this year. The Marine Air Group have entered a strong team which from all accounts, will give the tri-service teams a run for their money. The aviators will use the Ewa Plantation gym as home court until their own is completed.

Fort Kamehameha court has been designated as home court for the Marine barracks cagers.

Fourteen teams will compete for the Sector-Navy championship this year, with the following teams entered: Marine Barracks, Marine Air Group, Honolulu, Staff, Armstrong, Submarines, Fort Kamehameha, 97th C. A., 5th Group, 11th Group, 17 Group, 251st C. A., 64th C. A., and Naval Air Station.

The Marine barracks cagers are scheduled to play the following games in the first round: Marine Air at Ewa, Monday, December 8; Armstrong at YMCA, Thursday, December 11; 5th Group at Hickam, December 15; 97th C. A. at Kam, Thursday, December 18; 251st C. A. at Kam, Monday, December 22; Staff at YMCA, Monday, December 29; 17th Group at Kam, Thursday, January 5; Honolulu at YMCA, Monday, January 8; 64th C. A.

at Kam, January 12; Submarines at YMCA, January 15; Naval Air at Kam, January 19; 11th Group at Hickam, January 22; Fort Kamehameha at Kam, Thursday, January 26.

PENSACOLA MARINES COP HONORS IN SOCKFEST

Marines dominated the Happy Hour boxing bouts held aboard the USS **PENSACOLA**. The boxers of the Marine Detachment were pitted against members of the First deck Division and the Leathernecks gave a good account of themselves throughout the five three-round bouts.

In the 135 lb. class, FM. R. H. Siemons, Jr., lost a close decision to E. I. Hutler, Sea2c, after an extremely evenly matched fight. Sailor T. Wade, Sea2c, managed to eke out a decision over Pfc. R. H. Riddell in the 147 lb. class bout. From there on, the Marines took the situation in hand. Pfc. T. J. Mildner battered chubby F. A. Batterbee, Sea2c, to quick submission and took the decision in the 160 lb. bout. Then Pvt. A. L. Willson finished his 175 lb. opponent, J. A. Caldara, Sea1c, in the opening seconds of the first round. A swift right to Caldara's eye produced such a laceration that the match was stopped. In the heavyweight class, Pfc. Tommie Short pummeled J. McLaren, Sea2c, and McLaren handed it right back, with the match being decided a draw.

Interest in boxing has taken a marked upswing amongst the Pensacola Marines and the detachment is expected to make a good showing in the coming inter-divisional matches aboard this ship.

BOURNE DOWNS SCENE OF THRILLING HORSE RACES

The second running of the newly constructed Bourne Downs Polo Club at Bourne Field was held on Sunday, 30 November. Since the first running on Labor Day, was more or less, experimental, many improvements were made to make the races more interesting. The track was enlarged, more races were held, and there were more employees on hand to take care of the vast crowd at the Pari-Mutuels and the refreshment stands. The races were held under the auspices of the Bourne Downs Polo and Riding Club.

In the first race "Hoaky" Scanlon's "Match Box" upset the favorite "Jackie," also owned by Hoaky. For months Hoaky passed out tips that "Jackie" would surpass all others on the turf. Was his face red when "Match Box," who according to Hoaky didn't have a chance, came in way ahead of the others. The races which followed were more than interesting. "Black Out," owned by Mr. R. U. Lancelos, copped the second; "Silver," owned by Stf-Sgt. A. Hendry, came in to win the third and also scoring his second win in the short short history of Bourne Downs. In the fourth it was "Rex" owned by Stf-Sgt. S. Gulasey, another upset over the favorite, "Moby Dick." The winner of the fifth was Mrs. Bailey's "Blue Bonnet." "Buzz" Rogers' "Ace of Spades" scored his second win in the sixth. In the seventh and final race of the afternoon, "Mae West," owned by Mr. L. Lindquist, won the purse.

This winds up our broadcast of the second running of that great Virgin Islands Classic at Bourne Downs. The date has not been announced for the next running, but the old "Grapevine" tells us it may come off on New Year's Day. Until next month, so long, sports fans.

it's mild
and cool

LYNN PATRICK
N.Y. RANGERS



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January, 1942

Bogarts' Bantering



The current football season has made bums out of practically every sport writer in the country. Waste baskets all over the country are full of early season predictions. Upsets have been the order of the day all season. More underdog teams have risen from the dirt and smeared undefeated "great teams" this year than any other year we can recall. Pitt smearing of Fordham just about capped the climax. The Fordham Rams were just about a sure thing, headed for a clean sweep, when the de-emphasized Panthers knocked 'em for a loop. Then the following week, Pitt husked the Nebraska Cornhuskers just to show the world that they could play good football. And we'd have bet a month's pay that Navy would take the Irish. Navy had the strongest lineup in years, yet a team which could beat USC by but one point, sunk the Navy. It was Navy's last chance in a long time to beat the Irish. Most all of this year's team graduates either in December or June, so the new coach must start from scratch. And down in Texas, the Longhorns found they couldn't stand publicity and fell by the wayside. Glorified by *Life* Magazine, the Longhorns were supposed to be unbeatable. Maybe no one at TCU subscribes to *Life*. Even Baylor seemed unafraid of the Great Ones and held them to a tie. Their comeback against Texas A&M showed them to really be a great team when they just played football.

Oregon State in Bowl

Out on the west coast, after much stumbling around, Oregon State won the right to represent the WC at Pasadena. Stanford's T formation just hasn't fooled the opposition this year. The trouble with the T is that you must have the personnel capable of fast thinking and fast moving. Last year Stanford had it, but something was missing this year. The missing factor seems to have been Norm Standlee, to say nothing of a couple of linemen who also graduated. Frank Albert was still calling good enough to make All-American but he just didn't have the players to work with. The coast just had about 5 good teams out there and they were all good. Any team which could have gone through undefeated out there would have to have been better than the Gophers.

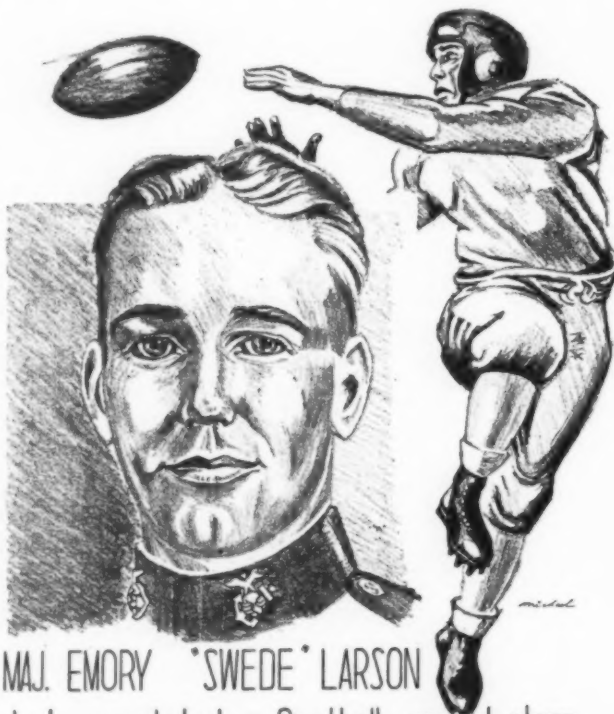
Too bad the Gophers are unable to play in any Bowl game. That team seemed to be able to rise to just enough points to beat out the tough ones. Bruce Smith & Co. just wasn't to be stopped this year. Incidentally, their prospects for next year

do not look so bright, but the Golden Gophers will probably rise to the occasion once more.

Seems that Fordham committed themselves about eight hours too soon. The bid for the Rose Bowl came in after they had accepted the bid from New Orleans. In New Orleans the Rams will face a tough Missouri team. Anything can happen in that game. It will probably end up with a score of 20-19 and pick your own winner. We wouldn't bet on that game even if we could afford to lose.

Pro Giants Meet Bears

We noted some interesting figures in the paper the other day. The New York Giants



MAJ. EMORY "SWEDE" LARSON
Just completed a football grand slam.
He has never lost to ARMY—either as a player or coach for NAVY—
a SIX year sweep...

who will play in the Pro championship, seem to fear nothing. In the last two play-offs, the west has defeated the east this way; in 1939, Green Bay Packers beat the Giants 27-0 and last year the Bears beat the Redskins 73-0, making a total score of 100-0. Ain't that something.

Back to that Sugar Bowl. Fordham Rams aerial attack against a team that has the finest running attack in the country. Advance dope would say that the Sooners will run the Rams ragged and the Rams

will pass the Sooners nuts. Each team has averaged better than 20 points a game and there is no reason to believe they won't repeat. This doesn't mean that the game will be strictly offensive but the team which can score and then beat off the other fellows attack will naturally win. If you think that game won't be a sell-out, on 24 November over 70,000 tickets had already been sold. Looks like football, particularly Bowl games, is gaining in popularity.

Duke Has Weak Schedule

Personally, we were disappointed in the selection of Duke for the Rose Bowl. Duke has a good team, we'll admit, but who did they beat that they should represent the east coast. We know of several teams not even invited to any Bowl, who could knock off Duke any day they played. We still think the Navy was the logical team for the Rose Bowl. Their defeat by the Irish was once more "the luck of the Irish." Bill Busik and Gang should have taken that one. When you remember the Navy team has been cramming for exams the entire fall, their showing was even more than great. Anyhow, Duke will have a fine battle with Oregon State. The Beavers are not a set up as Wallace Wade will soon find out.

Poor Old Hans Lobert, after 39 years of baseball has been sentenced to manage the Phillies. Hardly a fitting climax for a grand old man like Hans. But he must have wanted the job or he would have turned it down. It's only a one year contract so Hans may be able to get out from under before he dies of a broken heart. Of course a man can take an awful beating for \$10,000 a year, which is the reported salary. Hans started his major league career with the Pirates back in 1903. He played with the Cubs, Reds, Phillies, and the Giants, rounding up his playing career in 1917. He also made the world tour with the Giants and White Sox in 1913-1914. From 1918 to 1925, he was coach at West Point. Then for awhile he was a scout for the Giants and later coach. After that he dropped down to minor leagues, managing Bridgeport in the Eastern League and then Hartford. Then in 1932 he went to the Phillies.

Prothro to Chicks

Doc Prothro, former manager of the Phillies, goes to Memphis to manage the Chicks and in addition, be vice president of that club. Might be a promotion for Doc, who knows.

Lou Boudreau, too, steps into a bad spot when he takes over the Cleveland Indians.

The team is better than the Phillies, true, but a lot more troublesome. Cleveland insists on a pennant contender, and Lou hasn't got it with his present set-up. His ace, Bob Feller, has joined the Navy and Bob has been the mainstay of that team. Without Feller, Cleveland will finish about 6th in the league. Lou will continue playing short-stop, and a good one he is too. We hope the worries of a manager will not effect his playing ability. We wish him lots of luck and he'll need it.



We're Plenty Proud You Marines Like Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

**The big way it rates with you tells
the world it's a mighty swell treat!**

You Marines set the pace for the nation in many ways—and one way is by chewing swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Yes, you like to sink your teeth into it and enjoy its hefty, long-lasting real spearmint flavor.

You've found that chewing Wrigley's Spearmint seems to give you a lift during tough maneuvers. Helps relieve your thirst on long hikes. Gives you lots of enjoyment after chow—when you're off duty—at other times, too.

That's good news to us. It tells the world Wrigley's Spearmint Gum is mighty good to chew—makes us even more proud of our product. So—thanks for liking Wrigley's Spearmint Gum!

The Makers of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

W-9

West Coast



Time again for **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION, SECOND MARINES**, to go to press. We're anxious to make this short appearance and are all present and accounted for.

During the past month we have changed skippers and now have as our CO 2nd Lt. E. G. Walker taking over from 1st Lt. D. J. Robertson, who has been transferred. In the enlisted men's section we've lost two men due to transfer. Those were Corporals Harold Gitz and W. A. Bardeleben.

Our congratulations go out to Pfc. P. F. McGrath, who on the 23rd became the proud and ever-since-boasting father of an eight-pound bouncing baby girl. Nice work, McGrath; how about a future Marine next?

No one can say the men in Hq-1-2 aren't full-blooded athletes and hate to be defeated. During a Sunday afternoon inter-Battalion football game recently the boys got a little too anxious and excited and the game ended up with Pfc. J. H. Johnson landing in the dispensary with a broken shoulder, E. V. Farnsworth with a split eye and many with bruises here and there. That's the spirit boys, but after all, we're not playing for keeps.

THE FIRST BATTALION greets you with a new Commanding Officer. Major W. S. Fellers has replaced Lt. Col. J. A. Mixson, who has been in command for almost a year. Major Hough and First Lieutenant Robertson also left the Battalion Staff. We regret the loss of these officers who have done much to help the outfit function smoothly. We welcome Major Fellers to the Fighting First and assure him of our wholehearted cooperation.

The First Battalion ran through the defense so often that it could have been done in fog, smoke or darkness. Hill 762 was California's Rock of Gibraltar. It was fortunate for the attacking forces that the war game was called off on account of inclement weather.

Turkey Day was a real treat for all. The field day in the morning served the dual purpose of being a lot of fun and of sharpening appetites for an excellent feast which would have put Oscar of the Waldorf to shame. The food was almost too good, since several men were found to be slightly indisposed come Friday morning.

To all fellow Marines we wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Heads up, and hitting the ball. That's **COMPANY A**, First Battalion, Second Marines. During the past month, we have joined quite a few men, too numerous to name. The strength of the company has been greatly enhanced. Still, no matter how large the outfit gets, there will always be that "Big Family" feeling.

Officers joining us during the month were Second Lieutenants Jerome R. Walters and Samuel B. Walton, Jr.

To keep our "Hike-a-month" record unblemished, and to prove to ourselves that the change to the parade ground had not made us soft, we hiked to Camp Elliott, a mere thirteen miles, to participate in a Division review, which was held in honor of Major General Vandergrift, from Headquarters, Marine Corps.

To the American Red Cross, we would like to extend our thanks for the fine athletic equipment which they donated to us. Due to this fact, competition in sports has reached a new high. Company teams have been organized for almost every sport, and this equipment comes in mighty handy in carrying out the battalion athletic schedule which has been drawn up.

Promotions during the month include, Sergeant Howard C. Carpenter from Corporal, Corporal Barnett T. Johnston from Private First Class, and Private First Class Ithan E. Coats from Private. The added stripes of the above-named men were wet down, and how, at the beer bust, held by Company "A."

Turn the spotlight on **COMPANY B**, 1st Bn., 2nd Marines. Since our last appearance in **THE LEATHERNECK** we had a change of Company Commanders. 1st Lt. T. C. Kerrigan relieved 2nd Lt. S. Mandeville. A new associate in our midst is 2d Lt. G. R. Long, Company Executive Officer.

Keeping in the spirit with the times of the year we tried tackle football but due to the injuries resulting we had to be satisfied with the touch variety. Sometimes we wonder what the difference is?

The company regrets the loss of one of its charter members, Platoon Sgt. J. Baldwin, who was transferred. Corp. H. P. Skagen and R. Pinegar have also left.

Promotions have not passed us up, with E. L. Love going to Pl. Sgt. and J. Motherseed to Sgt.

Thanksgiving Day we participated in the Battalion athletic contests and managed to walk off with two first prizes and one third. Pfc. N. L. LeMay won the potato race and Pvt. D. R. Miller had no peers in the pie eating contest. Pfc. R. N. Herriott took third prize in the BAR assembling contest. Congratulations, fellows, and would you spare the rest of us a cigarette from your prize quota?

If you're looking for dope, "Hot Dope," then train your guns out and sight in on **COMPANY C**, First Battalion, Second Marines.

Among the transferred on the enlisted side were: Sergeant Ailes, Corporal "Chief" Rodriguez, and Pfc. Shearer.

We want to wish the discharged this month, Sergeant McAlester and Corporal Williams, the best of luck on the good old U.S.S. "Outside."

The heartiest of congratulations are extended to Corporal "Daddy" Bible, who has just sailed over the Holy Sea of Matrimony. Yes, good luck, Bible, you'll need it. As long as congratulations are in order we would like to inform the acquaintances of Sergeant Pearman that he is the proud father of Peter Pearman.

We'd like to introduce Sergeant Jose R. Anduze and Field Cook Ray R. Smith, who joined us this month.

Once more **COMPANY D**, 1st Bn., 2nd Marines' reporter takes the opportunity to inform you of the nothings happening in our organization.

Platoon Sergeant Joseph W. Riggs has, since our last report, been taken up on the rolls of Company "D."

Transfers include Sergeant Robert M. Turnbull and Privates First Class Edgar H. G. Keller and Vincent P. Bukaty. Private First Class George G. McCleary has completed extension papers in order to become a student of Armorer's School.

Corporal Reed M. Birdsell has decided, after much consideration, to renounce all rights of freedom and assume the cultured life of matrimony.

Thanksgiving Day gave birth to a field day of athletics including potato races, pie eating contests and the like. Topping everything off was one of the most delicious meals ever served in the Marine Corps. Everyone was comfortably "filled" with turkey and all the trimmings.

Deviating from the customary chit-chat commentary to which this **BATTALION HEADQUARTERS, SECOND BATTALION, SECOND MARINES** column has been assiduously devoted, these past eleven months, your Second Regiment scribe is inaugurating a change of policy for the initial 1942 issue of **THE LEATHERNECK**. With the heralding of the Infant New Year, we hereby dedicate our allotted space to a noble cause: the sale of United States Savings Bonds.

Since our nation has been transformed from a nationalistic, ever-complacent group of people, to a world power whose every effort has been coordinated into an all-out Mardi Gras of activity to protect our shores from the far-penetrating arm of totalitarianism, the Defense Savings Bonds have become an important issue in every American's daily activity.

In order to conserve his pennies and jitties for defense bonds, modern-day Tom Sawyers, Penrods, and "Huck" Finns have bravely avoided the corner sweet shop, and

its delicacies of licorice and "jaw-breakers"; the shop-girl has permitted the omnipotence of Dame Nature to redden her sensuous lips, formerly toilet with the latest expensive lip-rouge; the work-a-day business man grits his teeth in self-denial when passing the windows of his favorite tobacconist, and concludes that the old briar will last another season, or at least until the scourge of Axis-world domination has been stalemated; the housewife's budget has again been taxed another item, one which is vastly more important than "filet mignon" for a Sunday dinner-table treat, and last, and as usual far from least, the Marine, that apotheosized Devil Dog of the deep, has, and is making his sacrifice for a cause that has obscured the satisfaction of commonplace, everyday desires!

All of this folderol of illustration elucidates the sacrifices we're all willing to make for national defense, the integral feature of which is the sale of Defense Savings Bonds.

A Marine is not excluded from purchasing defense bonds! Does that seem so strange? These bonds present a savings opportunity seldom offered to those of the low-income category. To many members of the corps, the Defense Savings Bond is no new avenue in which to pool their spare dimes, quarters, and dollars.

The clerk-in-charge of the sale of the bonds at the Post Office, San Diego, who candidly confessed that he was a former Marine corporal, answered our query with this rejoinder:

"Selling the series E Bonds to Marines is not at all unusual. Even twenty-one-dollar-a-month men manage to purchase bonds every month or so. We sell them to Marines of every rank and organization of the Second Marine Division." (Please note, ye doughties of the First Marine Division.)

This is your **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**, 2nd Bn., 2nd Marines, columnist beginning the New Year by sending our monthly scuttlebutt to press.

Sgt. Richard E. Woodward and his singing trio rendered a nice selection of popular songs at the theatre recently. We would like to hear more songs from you, fellows.

Corp. John J. Jacewicz has been transferred.

Pfc. John R. Leonard has changed his rating from C.P. to line. Leonard is trying out all the various kinds of duties to see which will be his specialized department for the next 28 years.

Pfc. Luke L. Pellerin is back from the hospital "again" to resume his duties with the communication platoon.

By starting the New Year off right we hope to have another successful year with more ratings and excitement.

As may be noticed by the foregoing Battalion Headquarters article, this battalion, naturally including Headquarters Company, is rallying 100 per cent behind the Defense Saving Bond drive.

Ho-hum, another day, another dollar (or thereabouts), and with it the time for another bit or two of inside info on **COMPANY E**, Second Battalion, Second Marines.

The other night some of the boys were discussing various baseball players moving from one team to another. This led one lad to speak of the men who had been transferred in and out of the company in the last month. "They were good fellows all and will be missed," said he, to which there was a unanimous chorus of agreement. Then came a listing of them which read as follows: 1st Sgt. Dan Sullivan, Chief Cook

"33 to 1"—
It's the Best Way
to Be "At Ease"!



33 Fine Brews Blended Sure Make One Great Beer!

• At canteen or cafe, it's *smart* to order Pabst Blue Ribbon. It has something *special* you're bound to enjoy: a BLEND of 33 fine brews to make *one* single glass!

As in the finest coffee and the finest champagne . . . it's *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. . . Whether in the dress parade bottle "with the blue ribbon on it"—or in handy cans—it's always the same delicious Pabst Blue Ribbon . . . it's always "33 to 1", *your best bet in beer!*



... it's smoother
... it's tastier
... it never varies

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Vernon V. (Red) Johnson; Corporals Jack N. Lockhart, Salvatore Richiusa, and James R. Talbert; Pfc. James H. Bunch and Michael Gaspar; Assistant Cook James D. Moore, and Privates Joseph L. Dozier and Leo J. Kubiak.

Another piped up, "But the company isn't totally stripped of manpower, not by a long shot. Don't forget we have a number of new men to fill the gaps in the lines. We all welcome them and hope they enjoy their cruise with us." These are: Field Music James D. Long, Privates Wilburn R. Billerbeck, Sam W. Bookout, Clovis W. Bowie, Jr., Andrew L. Butcher, James E. Coon, William F. Duran, Jr., Robert A. Gamble, Le Roy Gilmore, Alfred W. Hamann, Windle C. Hitt, William T. Hughes, Edward E. Kimbrell, Jr., Walter R. McKee, Marion W. Nowaski, Dennis R. O'Fallin, William R. Seavers, Morris D. Teague, Leonard M. Wood, and Ralph J. Zweibohmer.

"Don't forget Corporal Richard C. Zielke and Pfc. Raymond L. Tolle who have been paid off," someone said. "I'm sure we all send our best wishes after them and hope they have smooth sailing aboard their new ship, the U.S.S. 'Outside'."

Rates were plentiful, what with Dan Sullivan making 1st Sergeant; Robert C. Spillman being promoted to Sergeant; James R. Talbert and William H. Wake making Corporal; William "C." Monks and Alva Snyder elevated to the rank of Field Cook, and Joseph Stephan making Pfc.

COMPANY F, Second Battalion, Second Marines, is still going strong.

The company welcomes as our new commander, Second Lieutenant Thomas W. Hus-

ton. We are also glad to have with us First Sergeant Dan Sullivan. Other men who have recently joined "F" Company include: Corporal L. H. Ferguson, Privates C. A. Atkinson, J. W. Blackman, C. J. Caley, O. Conway, J. L. Garrett, G. R. Goodman, O. R. Hughes, J. S. Ivie, R. W. Johnson, R. H. Marshall, J. T. Myers, P. R. Rogers, A. Soto, H. F. Wilson and E. J. Zajac. These men will find out that they are in the right company when they get out in the "boondocks" making merry at our coming beer party.

The beer party mentioned is planned for this week. This one will be bigger and better than ever. We look forward, licking our chops, to the delicious meats, tasty sandwiches, salads, potato chips, pretzels, ah, yes, and beer.

We proudly boast of our softball team. They are really "killers." In their recent games they showed what a well-balanced outfit they are. We overcame a five-run lead to win from "G" Company by a score of 11 to 10. Poor "E" Company was really "snowed." At the end of the second inning we were leading by over thirty runs, so the game was stopped. Corporal Donald Rader proved to be quite a pitcher. Platoon Sergeant Roscoe Taylor, Sergeant "Dusty" Rhoades, Corporal Max Koplou, Privates First Class Glen Vaughan, Herman Watson, Frank Filieky, and the rest of the boys, form a team that should wind up with a good record.

Congratulations to "L" "C" Rhoades, who was recently promoted to Sergeant. E. R. Godwin and W. Macoski are now Corporals, and C. J. Rockwell, the "Stone Age Kid" is a Private First Class.

That winds up the story of life with Company "F" until the next issue. Hope you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. So long.

Here is your new scribe with his initial **LEATHERNECK** offering: **COMPANY G**, 2nd Bn., 2nd Marines, is back again. It has been a progressive month for some of us; the company received several promotions, transferred a few men and accumulated a few more.

First Sergeant Albert S. Borek was promoted to Sergeant Major, Field Cook Robert H. Johnson to Chief Cook, Pfc. Riley B. Thompson to Corporal, Pfc. Garfield H. Bloomquist to Corporal and Private Paul G. Cates to Pfc. Here's wishing all of you newly promoted men the best of luck with your new rates, and may you have many more of them.

Several of the boys ran into a little misfortune, however. Corporal W. D. Macklan and his companions, Corporal Donald S. Floyd, Pfc. William L. Wiggers, Private Thomas R. Carnahan, and Private Laurance A. Hickerson were returning from liberty when the headlights of an oncoming car temporarily blinded the driver and caused his machine to crash into an embankment. Four of the occupants were slightly injured, suffering slight cuts and bruises on their faces and limbs.

Several good men from our company have been transferred to other branches of the Marine Corps: Gunnery Sergeant Joseph H. Golden, Corporal George M. Melardovich, Pfc. Albert A. Hallquist, Private Fred L. Ragsdale, Pfc. Wayne F. Evans, Pfc. William F. Dathan, Pfc. Eugene W. Miller, Private Thomas R. Carnahan, Private Richard LaV. Hodson, Private Wilbur E. Swyers, Pfc. Roy C. Sorenson, Private Robert J. Murphy, Private William G. Nessler, Privates William T. Caudle, Frank E. Miers, Robert D. Rountree and Earl F. Santoro.

During the month of October the boys of **COMPANY H**, Second Battalion, Second Marines, proved that they've got what it takes to make a good organization. In one of the heaviest downpours of the season they demonstrated to a number of gobs from the Naval Training Station the workings of the .30 calibre machine gun. While under the influence of this good instruction the sailors came through on record day with an unusually high percentage of qualifications.

Corporals Denton and Garrett have proudly added those chevrons to their uniforms and Assistant Cook Lavy stewed up Field Cook stripes for himself. Private Jennings now hangs his hat with the other Pfc.

Pfc. Ghiselli and Pvt. Taylor, who both recently graduated from Radio School, have left us.

Sixteen of our prize privates proved themselves capable of holding down first class gunner's positions and were awarded with specialists' rates for their efforts.

Corporal Garrett, Pfc. Ostrowski and Pvt. Sparks have departed.

A hearty welcome is extended to the men of the .81mm. Mortar Platoon who have joined our family.

Here's **HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE COMPANY, SECOND MARINES**, back again after a "no-show" period with **THE LEATHERNECK**. Many things have happened to us so here goes.

Foremost in the news, of course, is the selection of our Regimental Commander, Colonel J. C. Fegan, USMC, for promotion

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS

Was My Face Red

WHEN I USED TO SHAVE WITH THAT SISSY LATHER! BUT NO MORE SORE, SCRAPED FACE FOR ME SINCE I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S!




MODERN DESIGN... OR SOME P'N—

ANYWAY, I CALCULATE THAT I GET ABOUT 6 MONTHS SHAVING FROM EVERY GIANT TUBE OF COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM! BROTHER, THAT'S ECONOMY!



I GOT THE LOW DOWN...

ON SPORTS BY LISTENING TO COLGATE'S SPORTS REVIEW WITH BILL STERN! IT'S ON EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT OVER THE NBC RED NETWORK AT 10:00 P.M. EASTERN TIME! LISTEN IN!

GET



AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Something **NEW*** has been added!

*It's Latakia!

(La-ta-kee'-a), a delicate tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Stored in this country, and aged an average of three full years, it adds a bright new seasoning flavor to today's Old Gold.



Landscape architect from Wilton, Conn. Vera Breed says: "I've found the new Old Gold has a continually enjoyable taste. Latakia gives a distinctive new flavor."

Introduces new music—Gus Steck, radio orchestra leader, says: "That 'seasoning' of Latakia makes New Old Golds pleasantly different from the ordinary run of cigarettes."



Made by P. Lorillard Company, blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day.



Listen, lady! Don't be blue! What's been added's not added to you. But folks—here's something that has been added to a famous cigarette—a rare, flavorful tobacco for more smoking pleasure.





Maj. Gen. W. P. Upshur, Commanding General, Dept. of the Pacific, buys the first Defense Stamps at the new San Diego Post Exchange.

to the rank of Brigadier General. In unison, the command wishes to say "Congratulations, Colonel."

Promotions have been rolling in pretty well in these 'yar hills, so let's get at them. E. W. Davis to QM Sgt., T. W. Connors to StfSgt., H. C. Blumenshine, H. E. Holmes, N. E. McNussen, D. F. Meade, A. J. Borsheim to Sgt., R. H. Jacobson, E. C. Janski, J. B. Wetzel, L. G. Eagle, L. L. Miller, W. W. Osterhaus, A. E. Renninger, A. A. Bucci to Corporal, D. W. Mosley, R. C. B. Sherry, R. O. Skelton, R. C. Smith to Pfc.; R. N. Sloop to PhM2c., and D. D. Stanley to PhM3c. This lifts Stanley out of the "Yard Bird" class.

Many changes in the personnel of officers have taken place recently. We find we had Captain Orin K. Pressley, USMC., as our adjutant for a short time and at the present time First Lieutenant Donn J. Robertson, USMC., is occupying that position. Major Evans F. Carlson, USMC., our R2 and R-3, has been detached with Major W. B. Onley, USMC., being assigned to those positions. We wish these officers loads of luck in their new assignments.

Although rain has hampered training a little, we have added another field problem to our list of accomplishments. Among those men most active on our field problems are Sgt. W. K. Vance and Corp. T. M. Brown. Both of these men have recently been transferred and their absence is deeply felt.

One of the men who will be remembered by all of us as one of our most cherished friends has recently transferred to another organization. The genial personality of First Sergeant D. S. Catchim is in marked absence at this headquarters. However, we welcome the new "Top" Leon J. Wesley.

After an absence of several months, **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, THIRD BATTALION, SECOND MARINES**, is again reporting for duty aboard **THE LEATHERNECK**.

Our lack of limelight-sharing these past many moons can be truthfully attributed to innumerable maneuvers, in true "gyrene" fashion, on land and sea.

Since our last appearance our battalion

commander has changed, Lieutenant Colonel Prentice S. Geer being our new Commanding Officer. Major Edwin D. Partridge, our former Commanding Officer, is now battalion executive officer, First Sergeant Thomas M. Bradley has assumed the role of top soldier for the company; and what with a few other changes we are the same old outfit.

Since **COMPANY I**, Third Battalion, Second Marines, sent its last article to **THE LEATHERNECK**, the company has had quite a peaceful and a so-called sane month.

Before I go any farther, the company offers congratulations to First Lieutenant Guice and Sergeant Lehman on their promotions. Good luck and let us hope that this won't be your last step up the ladder of success.

Now we step from our happy side of life to the dark one by announcing the transfer of Captain Stivers. His loss will be greatly missed by all concerned, and the best of luck to you, Sir, wherever you go and whatever you do.

Two proud fathers of our Company are none other than Pl-Sgt. N. LaPorte and Sgt. D. Stuhlsatz, who are blessed with bouncing baby girls.

Sorry, boys, but Company "L" will have to sign off until next month when we will again be back in the right spot at the right time. Adios.

Among the newcomers to **COMPANY K**, 3rd Bn., 2nd Marines, we find Sgt. Marshall C. Kedd and Corp. J. Gottsponer; Corp. Richard H. Martin, Pvt. H. B. Wilson, who, at present is convalescing at the Naval Hospital. The boys from Recruit Depot are Pts. W. L. Armstrong, R. G. Ketchum, J. R. Sullivan, A. D. Balsa, K. F. Fryburger, N. S. Chapman, Werner, and P. J. Brown, also Field Music 1st Class W. W. Lake.

The men lost by transfer are: Pfc. Raymond T. Malloy, Pfc. George W. Ward, Buck Martin a Pfc., and Pvt. P. H. Sisk. Pfc. A. P. Candau left and Jack Slayton is now a parachutist. To these fellows, we wish to extend our wishes for happy duty at their new posts.

King Company has worked up a basketball team known as the "K Company Rebels,"

being coached by Pfc. E. L. Kendall, managed by the fast talking Pfc. T. H. Griesbaum. The magic fingered Pfc. C. L. Rippy trains the pluggers, namely: Sgt. R. E. Dawson, Pfc. Brock, Carney, Lynceum, Tauscher, Watson, Kimbrell, Moore and Graves.

The Rebels have played but one game so far. They've shown lots of fight and soon as the rough spots are worn off it will be a first class team.

Their first game was a loss to 3-K-8, 13-15, in a very hard fought battle. In the overtime period the game reached its climax as the gun went off—the opposing team made a basket to clinch the game. Better luck next time fellows; you have a team that will challenge any one in the Regiment.

If versatility—along with other all-important attributes—is a prime requisite for unity and co-ordination, **COMPANY L**, Third Battalion, Second Marines, is capable of doing its share toward maintaining the status quo of the Marine Corps as the most efficient military organization in the world.

With various units of the Army and Navy, Co. "L" had the honor of participating in the spectacular review in honor of Armistice Day, in the magnificent little city of La Jolla.

A few changes have taken place since we last went to press. Among them, the regrettable loss of our Company Clerk, R. M. (Swede) Olson. We also have to bear the regrettable loss of a few more of our proficient Devil Dogs. They are Corp. J. Jackson, Pfc. D. Knowles and B. Carroll, Corp. R. Easley and Ack C. Gray.

In spite of our losses, we have also been blessed with the joining of several new men who have already begun to wring salt out of their socks and speak the lingo of a Marine. They are, namely: Privates D. Hoyt, J. Moses, J. Nelson, B. Stone, E. Bowen, F. Freeman, and C. Kekar. We had also the pleasure of being joined by a quartet of old salts, CCK. J. Smith, Corp. E. Johnson, Jr., Pfc. O. Gilbert and C. Sawyer. Welcome, boys, to a fine organization, and we know you will help us to make it a more splendid organization yet.

COMPANY M, 3rd Bn., 2nd Marines, have been ticking away for the past month in double time. It seems that every time we turn around some unseen hand has torn off another day from the calendar; but in this streamlined Corps one is ready to accept almost anything.

By the amount of spirit shown here it seems that the boys are trying to live up to the traditions set down by that famous Devil dog of literature, Captain Jimmy Bones. There was a man that all good Marines can look up to with a great reverence. Every year on the Corps' Birthday the traditions of the outfit are read to the men, but around the barracks can be seen small groups of men reading from **THE LEATHERNECK** that perennial favorite, "Captain Jimmy Bones and His Devil Dog Marines."

It is rumored that we are to lose our Captain and it would seem that the men would feel some regret; but instead they are in a rather opposite mood, for we lose only his title. As the grapevine has it, he will soon be Major Van Ness . . . We would like to make this precursory congratulation, for we know only too well that it will be a well-deserved promotion.

Thawing out now from a chilly night and morning in the field, **HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE COMPANY, EIGHTH MARINES**, is resting on its collective haunches and viewing with a decidedly unjaundiced eye the slew of promotions which fell this way during the

past month. And of all news a company should report this is by far the pleasantest; everybody made it, from the Regimental Commander on down to the most recent Deluxe Privates.

To start: Colonel Larsen was selected for Brigadier General, Lieutenant-Colonel Bleasdale made the list for Colonel, Captains Beans, McDonald and Russell are looking forward to Major soon, while First Lieutenants Reis and Nusbaum expect to add another bar before long. Coming down the line, Louis Rubenstein hit the list for Sergeant Major; Raymond Michael Clarke is now a Platoon Sergeant, while Daniel L. Brooks, Elwyn E. Freese and Henry G. Hooper are three-pieces. Merlin R. Buterbaugh, William R. Beernink and Robert L. Hews are Corporals, and five young gentlemen, reading from left to right Delbert L. Leach, Glenn G. Gates, Travis D. Simmons, Donald Sille and Frank C. Neidigh, Jr., are Privates First Class. A jackpot, as we used to say along Bubbling Well Road. But that ain't all—we now have the Navy, three of whom made Pharmacists Mate Second, two PHM Third. They are Thomas W. Prather, Howard W. Rhodes and Paul A. Peterson, in the first batch, and Lawrence M. Hinds and Henry T. Sedgwick in the second. Sedgwick, by the way, made the promotion and a trip to the hospital as a sick man at just about the same time. The extra pay, though, will probably take the sting out of his pain.

Well . . . Sergeant Richard J. "Applehead" Baker up and shipped over on October 26th. Everett E. Ford, Sergeant also, now has much more time to serve, his extension becoming effective.

Sergeant Daniel D. "Doodle Dannel" Halley, along with Privates Lyle W. Faith, Lorrin W. Hubin and Charles W. Prah, returned. Halley, we heard from somewhere, has been a Communicator a long time. Outward bound were Corp. Robert L. Hews, Pfc. James W. Chaney and Pfc. Ernest P. Cole.

Joinings were Second Lieutenants William Morgan and Donald A. Pepper. Corporal Dee T. Montgomery, once in this organization, is back again.

During the current month **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 1ST BN., 8TH MARINES**, lost Staff Sergeant Coker and Staff Sergeant (Mess) Hornsby, Mess Sgt. Crawford, Field Cooks Blair and Brinegar, Pfc. Dale and Pvts. Gibbs, Gregston, Mahoney, McMoran, Porter, Swearingen and Umholtz to other companies. At the same time we also lost several Reservists, among them being FM Sgt. Hagenback, Assistant Cook Nelson, and Pvts. Fauber, Garren, Laing and Moseley. During the month we joined HA2el Alvau, Boswell and Brevig.

Floyd E. Hester and Curtis E. Coker both made Staff Sergeant, (CP); Dale W. Simpson made Sgt. (QM); Max L. Rowan made Corps; while Glen T. Loucks made Pfc.(CP).

Sgt. Major Sheldon came back from his furlough to the north woods and said that they have made so many improvements in the town since the Reserves left that one hardly knows the place anymore.

As **COMPANY A, 1st Bn., 8th Marines**, answers to the News Column this time we are glad to congratulate Master-Gunnery Sergeant Spart on his recent promotion. Platoon Sergeant Welch has just returned from a thirty-day shipping-over furlough after having received promotion to Platoon Sergeant only a short time before putting his name on the dotted line for four years more in the good old Corps.

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We are glad to welcome Corporal Tomlinson back to duty.

Among those who have recently been transferred are: First Sergeant Brannon, Corp. Haskins, Pfc. Klipp, Al Olson, Pvts. Gier, Autry, and Griffin. We wish them luck in their new duties and know that they will perform them well.

Private First Class Harris and Private Ford are trying to master the handlebars of a motorcycle and Private First Class Roberts the wheel of a Recon car.

Company "A" had the Thanksgiving situation well in hand by having the guard of the day. Tell me what would give you a better appetite for a Turkey Dinner than that, unless we might mention having the Battalion standby for duty as we did on Armistice Day. That's Life!

COMPANY B, 1st Bn., 8th Marines, reporting.

Corporal Willard R. Nutting, our company clerk, was paid off November 14, and immediately shipped over.

Twelve of our men have been rated specialist 6th class for duty as automatic riflemen. Six more will be rated in the near future.

Transfers include: FM. Jimmie R. Wright, Sgt. Gordon L. Armstrong, Pvt. Delmar R. Johnson, Corp. Glen W. Alexander and Pfc. Roy L. Brown.

There have been no joinings, or promotions so far this month, but rumors say there will be quite a few cigars being passed around the latter part of the month. With the new \$10 per month raise in pay that we received and the new promotions, we should have some pretty good liberties.

This is **COMPANY D**, 1st Battalion, 8th Marines, reporting for the month of November. During the last month we lost our capable 1st Sgt. Walter J. Bennett. Although we lost a good man in 1st Sgt. Bennett, we have been replaced with Pl. Sgt. Carl C. Lotz. Pl-Sgt. Lotz is now passing cigars out on his recent promotion to 1st Sgt. along with Corp. Davis, who has been promoted to Sgt., and Pfc. Delcambre, Hughes and Riddick, who were promoted to Corp.

Under the guidance of Pl-Sgt. Pritchard, "D" Company softball team is setting up quite a record for the other team around here to shoot at. They have been playing in the inter-Battalion competition the last few weeks and are undefeated as to date. Lt. Col. Jeschke is giving the winner of the Battalion a case of beer so maybe that's why the boys are playing so well.

This month finds **COMPANY C**, 1st Bn., 8th Marines, eskimoes mumbling a cheery hello. Hikes with heavies and simulated loads of ammunition help to keep us warm on these cold days.

Oh yes, rugged "C" Company is still on top. For example, Lyle Warzeka decided boxing was traditional; so in good old Marine fashion, he won the Golden Gloves Championship in the one hundred and fifty-pound class of the Eighth Marines. Believe it or not, Lyle is our Company Clown.

Still securely anchored is **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, SECOND BATTALION, EIGHT HMARINES**.

The men of this Company thoroughly enjoyed the Regimental Dance held at the American Legion Hall in Balboa Park. It is the consensus of opinion that it was the best dance ever staged by the Eighth Regiment.

The Company has been having its share of problems lately and will have a lot more of the same in the days to come, because we have regimental and division problems coming up soon.

The very smooth work of our Intelligence Section has been recognized and we have the following promotions to report: Pfc. Charles D. Barrett has been promoted to the rank of Corporal, and all men in the section below the rank of Corporal, namely Pfc. C. W. McKee, A. E. Koen, Q. R. Adams, M. B. "Sea Pappy" Loughridge, T. L. Neumann, R. O. Smith, and F. G. Winterbauer, are now 5th or 6th class specialists.

Corporal John E. Van Alstyne of the Intelligence Section is enjoying himself in his home state, Wisconsin, on furlough.

This is **COMPANY E**, 2nd Bn., Eighth

Marines, sounding off again to bring you the very latest of scuttlebutt from down our way. Changes seem to have been the order of the day for old "Easy" Company for the past month; first we lost First Sergeant "Gus" Byrd and got First Sergeant Kenneth J. Fagan.

Recently, five men of this company had the rare opportunity of passing out cigars after promotion. Corporal Landry is now Sergeant Landry, and Fransen and Koczynski are now wearing two instead of one. Among those of the Battalion to take that first big step were L. J. Evans, C. L. Harris, and M. W. Pressler. Congratulations, fellows.

Others separated from the company during the month were Private First Class James W. Sullivan, Jr., Corporal Harralson and Private First Class Nixon; Corporal John R. Wilmeth and Private First Class Lloyd J. Frosh.

Naturally all of you old timers know who this is, but for the benefit of the newcomers, we'll say **COMPANY F**, 2d Battalion, Eighth Marines is here again.

There hasn't been very many hikes this past month so I guess the next interesting thing to write about is the Dance. Don't start asking what dance, because in my opinion it is one dance the 8th Marines will always remember. I'm positive it's a dance all of us Texas Reserves will remember because it marked our first anniversary into active duty.

Well boys, this is supposed to be a secret, but "F" Company has started a khaki laundry (trousers only). From the information we can get its owner is Sgt. Jack Griffiths. If any of you fellows would like more information about it just see Sergeant Gordon Wiborg of this Company. Take it from me, he knows.

It looks as though we are going to lose ChCk "J" "T" (Tex) Risley to the USS Outside, but we know he will make good there the same as he did here in the Corps.

Quite a few changes has been made this month in **COMPANY G**, Second Battalion, Eighth Marines.

First Sergeant Newton E. Carbaugh has been transferred. First Sergeant Carbaugh has been with "G" Company ever since it's been organized and we owe him a vote of thanks for his fine work while serving this company.

Platoon Sergeant F. M. Humphrey has assumed his duties and will carry on as the acting first sergeant of "G" Company.

Due to sudden changes Pfc. Harris, A., Pfc. Napper, W. M., Hodgson, C. S., Pvt. Pontiff, A. H., have been transferred to new duties.

Each week finds us adding more new men to our ranks. Pvt. Flathers, J. J., Jennings, J. J., Meckel, E., are newly acquired members of "G" company.

Ratings have been flying thick and fast and new smiles are going along with new stripes. Corp. Petokas, A. J. has joined the rank of Sergeant and the new Pfc. are as follows, Pvt. Krenzel, J., Johnson, G. A., Frace, J. W., Horton, G. E. Pfc. Burson C. H., Pfc. Bonnes, C. O., Jr., are quite satisfied with making Corporal.

Station **COMPANY H**, 2nd Bn., 8th Marines back on the air coming to you from anywhere that one's feet might bring one. Though the hikes were not as numerous this last month the outstanding one was one which lasted but a few days in which al hands had an iceberg watch.

Many outstanding occasions have taken place since the last LEATHERNECK issue

such as: Armistice day in which our company added color to the armistice day parade held in San Diego, apparently our company was one of the most notable groups of the parade because of the newspaper pictures showing the following day. Most notable in the pictures being: Sergeant Vorhies, Pfc. Schultz, Soslik, Mathews and that man with the million dollar smile, Pvt. Olig.

The one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of the Marine Corps was observed by all hands by many attending the beautiful ball held at the Mission beach ballroom. A regimental ball was also held this last month at Balboa Park honoring our regiment which proved to be a huge success. Information from a reliable source has it that our C.O., 2nd Lieutenant Frasher had a hand in helping make this affair a huge success.

Thanksgiving was observed this year by some accepting invitations in town and many by attending the splendid dinner put out by the "Y" messhall and the credit goes to 2nd Lieutenant Cook and his staff of cooks and messmen who accomplished a job due that of many famous hotels.

Our company indulged in exercises held for the regimental officers school in which a T.O.G. problem was held and under the capable assistance of our C.O., Lieutenant Fraser, who is an old hand in these problems, proved to be very successful.

We regret in losing Sergeant McCalla, Pfc. Cutter, Shaw, Parker, Douglas and Pfc. Ross and Mils for further transfer to other duties. Temporary transfers from our company were Corporal Gage, Pfc. Bennette and Maybe. Gunnery sergeant Fagin was also transferred. We received a new gunnery sergeant in the form of Gunnery Sergeant Rogers.

Second Lieutenant Jordan, popular Jr. officer of H Company and 1st platoon leader, is quite a golf enthusiast and always ready for a game. Word has it that the Lieutenant shot a 76-18 hole game, which is considered better than average. Good going, Lieutenant.

Reports from the battalion basketball team are that the team is going strong and should take the championship. Contributing factors from our company are 2nd Lieutenant Oddy, a former outstanding college player, and Pfc. Crowson, McQueen and Shotwell. Lieutenant Oddy also assists in the coaching of the team.

We now give you the "dope" of the happenings in our **BATTALION HEADQUARTERS AND HEADQUARTERS COMPANY**, 3rd Bn., 8th Marines. Second Lieutenant Ralph W. Bohne has taken over Headquarters Company as Commander of same. Lieut. Bohne has additional duties as Battalion, Adjutant and Battalion Gas Officer since Lieut. Simpson left us, and to say the least, is living up to all expectations.

The Communication Section and Intelligence Section, under the very capable guidance of 2nd Lieut. James O. Bell and 2nd Lieut. John L. Hopkins, respectively, are still doing "bang up" jobs in their field problems, which has brought comments from our Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel D. G. Oglesby, and Major Hartnoll J. Withers, Battalion Executive Officer. Our Operations and Training has been going along smoothly, as usual, with Captain Dixon Goen as Operations and Training Officer, and Corporal Elmer LeR. Starr, as clerk.

We are having an inter-regiment boxing-smoker to be held in this regiment on November 19, 1941, and will give all information available in our next article.

Hi-Yuh Marines of other posts and stations, how have you fared this past month? As well as **COMPANY K**, 3rd Bn., 8th Marines, I hope.

There has been quite a bit of rain in this vicinity for the past month, causing us to stay pretty close to the barracks.

Sgt. Willie Whitten returned from the hospital where he was recuperating from a broken leg muscle. He had been back to duty with the company a little more than a week when something else in his leg slipped and so once more we say "Good-luck, Willie, hurry up and get back from USNH.

Gy-Sgt. J. E. Hunt has left our ranks.

Company "K" is now the owner of a bi-monthly Company newspaper, known as the *K Kompany Keel*. This peerless sheet is edited by Lt. Baldwin. His two regardful reporters, Cpl. Summers and Sgt. Harford, constitute the rest of the staff.

The paper is published for, about and in the best interest of "K" Company and tends to promote a more fraternal feeling among the men of K Company.

To our colleagues, those fighting gentlemen of the USMC, we extend our sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Do you know what the latest straight dope is about **COMPANY L**, Third Battalion, Eighth Marines? Then open your eyes and absorb into your intellects these words of wisdom.

We welcome into the guiding position 2nd Lieutenant Howard E. King. His efficiency and fairness in dealing with the personnel has made a most favorable impression on us all.

Congratulations are in order to two of our men who have climbed one more step up the ladder of success. Namely: Sergeant Otto Coverston and Pfc. Norman C. Wadst are the lads in the spot light.

We welcome to our organization three new Privates this month, Ralph S. Level, Archie L. Hardwick and Robert E. Weaver. Keep pluggin', and you too will soon have a shiny new stripe.

So knowing that you all appreciate these pearls of wisdom as we appreciate yours, 'till next month.

COMPANY M, Third Battalion, Eighth Marines, Camp Elliott, San Diego, on the beam for the month of November, 1941.

The weather man influenced the company to do some indoor training in nomenclature, stripping, and functioning of the machine gun. Map reading was also one of the subjects stressed.

Quite interesting was the indirect firing problem in which 12 of our guns were firing simultaneously. During the week of November 10 landing parties were held at the Boat House and Loading Platform, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, and much worthwhile experience was gained.

A highly successful event was the Eighth Regiment Dance held at Balboa Park Ballroom on November 6. Loads and loads of beautiful girls were furnished by different organizations. San Diego State College, Sears Roebuck and Co., S. H. Kress Co., were just a few who helped the Regiment have a really swell time. Company "M" takes this opportunity to thank all those who helped put over this nice affair.

Second Lieutenant George B. Rice, our Reconnaissance Officer, took advantage of his leave and came back a married man. Congratulations and Best Wishes to the newlyweds.

Pfc. Humphries and Orgenson of our

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"gun shed" gang also took the plunge. The company wishes them the best of everything in their married life.

Corporal James C. Pierce, Jr., and Pfc. Charles B. Pearman were promoted during the month.

Welcome to our company. Corp. Wright, Pfc. Chesterman, Frishman, Schroeder, Pvt. Otto, Slama, and Wideman.

Since our last report **COMPANY I**, 3rd Bn., 8th Marines, has once more changed Company Commanders, joining First Lieutenant Ormond R. Simpson, detaching First Lieutenant George D. Rich, USMC. Scott S. Corbett, Jr., Second Lieutenant, USMC, Weapons Platoon leader, returned from two weeks' leave in the state of Oregon with the remark that duck hunting was great.

Sgt. Norman Jorstad, upon finishing his first cruise, decided to try life on the outside for a while. Sgt. Russell K. King was transferred, along with Field Cook Clifton E. Holden, Pfc. James J. Cannon, Pfc. Raymond C. Smedley, Pfc. Harold W. Thompson and Pvt. Robert D. Conklin, Pfc. Louis E. Hamilton, Jr., Pvt. Marvin H. Chappell and Pvt. Marion C. Hayes, and Pvt. George R. Ambrose.

Our "Woe Man of the Week" in **HEAD-QUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, 10TH MARINES**, Pfc. Irvin D. McClellan, is recovering from a relapse suffered at the hands of "False Dope," and will get his seventy-two in order to get hitched.

Do your eyes burn? Do you see spots? or rather stripes? before your eyes? No, you aren't suffering from hallucinations, they are just a few firmly tacked new stripes in the battery. Congratulations are in order this time for our very capable R-3 clerk, Clement J. Stadler who now wears three instead of two; and for Barney T. Welch and Wesley L. Wilson who reached the ranks of the two-stripers.

Changes galore . . . we have welcomed to our fold Captain John S. Letcher, Sergeant Major Cecil R. Bates, Sergeant Howard L. Hise and Private Louis Gilliland. We bid aloha to Captains Edward H. Forney, Jr., and Eugene K. Schultz, to Sergeant Major Hans O. Rasmussen, Technical Sergeant Ray M. Burrill and Sergeants Dykes and Fendler.

"Duke," the regimental mascot who is under the capable guidance of this organization, has made a discovery! It all came about the other night during a polo game. Jockey Jamison riding "Night Mare" and trying to play polo in the barracks with "Duke's" ball collided with the dog house. Being confronted with an entirely new situation there was nothing left for "Duke" but to retaliate with something new, so he barked. This being the first time in his long career. Thus he discovered that canine voice, which up until now he never suspected was present.

HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, 1ST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES, continues to maneuver—but maneuver does not always mean work. On 19 November the entire First Battalion staged a mighty picnic, athletic events—barbecue—beer bust—dance. There were hundreds of pounds of barbecued beef—gallons and more gallons of beer—athletics, including indoor, volley ball and horse-shoe pitching with trophies for the champions—and then came sundown with an Iceland chill that was quickly dispensed

and dispersed when the dancing began early in the evening at the Big Stone Lodge.

Recent stripes were sewn on the sleeves and tattooed on the arms of Corporal Kenneth L. Bealer; Corporal Russel M. McClintock; Corporal Hagan Parmley, Jr., and Private First Class Charles A. Robertson.

On November 24 and 25 the entire battalion supported the Eighth Marines in day and night field exercises that resembled at night the maneuvers of ancient days when the camp fires glowed brightly under the crisp fall air that would have frozen the whiskers of any less rugged than the First Battalion and their combat team.

The First Battalion Basketball team is in fine fettle and the H & S Battery is well represented thereon. They have already invaded the sanctum sanctorum of basketball in local teams and are well on the way to a brilliant successful season. Here's wishing them lots of luck and plenty of support.

Let's hold a good thought for our non-commissioned officers who were recently recommended for temporary promotion to the commissioned ranks. They are men of experience and good Marines.

BATTERY A, Tenth Marines, has been, along with the rest of the battalion, observing birthdays this month.

November 1 was the first anniversary of the First Battalion, Tenth Marines, which event was duly celebrated at a barbecue, dance, and with athletic contests. The party was held on the twentieth, at Big Stone Lodge, after one postponement due to inclement weather.

November 7 was the first anniversary of the Reserves called to active duty from the 9th, 16th, and 22nd Battalions.

November 10 was the 166th anniversary of the Marine Corps. With the battalion standing attention Captain Kirk read a history of the heroic exploits of the world's finest military organization—the United States Marine Corps.

November 11 was Thanksgiving Day. Another "shippin' over chow" by our galle force, and, being the day after pay day, a real holiday for our "liberty hounds."

We are happy to report more promotions during the month of November. Corporals Leland Minnick and David Lubin to Sergeant; Field Cook Warnisher to Chief Cook; Pfc. Warner, Vanderwerven, Dafforn and Catozza to Corporal; Privates Belke, Arnold Cravens, and A. L. Adams to Pfc.; and Pfc. De Santis and Gilbert received fifth class specialists' ratings, as gunners. Notes: Pfc. Dresden shoved off with the engineers for "somewhere." Corporal Humphreys filled in as Police Sergeant Beckley was convalescing from his "operation." Corporal Mills is attending gas school here at camp. Pfc. Taylor left. Pfc. Killen and Private Thurmon have returned from the Naval Hospital, and Pfc. Belke is there with a broken arm.

Thanksgiving Day, the boys over in the **BATTERY B**, 10th Marines' mess hall really overdid themselves with our two new Chief Cooks Emmons and Sullivan, putting out some of the best turkey that has passed this gullet in some time. We had plenty of everything and the pay-off came when we received a package of Chesterfield cigarettes. All in all we did have a good week for on Wednesday we had a



YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT *you can help your throat!*

HEAZY smoker—or light smoker—you're just like *every other* smoker in one way: *all smokers sometimes inhale*. And that increases chances of irritation. UNLESS YOU KNOW THIS DIFFERENCE IN CIGARETTES . . . REPORTED BY DISTINGUISHED DOCTORS WHO COMPARED ALL FIVE LEADING BRANDS, INCLUDING PHILIP MORRIS. THEY FOUND THAT:

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For polishing your brass just rub it on. Then rub again — and the streaks are gone. Use "GLAD RAG" daily and you're sure to shine. And remember boys—it's only a dime.

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GLAD RAG, Dept. L, 208 W. 29 St., N. Y.

big Battalion Party down at Big Stone and really had a time. Our Great Lover Lloyd Duchring ran off with the Waltz Contest and has since made quite a name for himself as a terpsichorean artist; all offers for his services must be made through his agent, Curley Conant.

Promotions have been flying around again and Davidson was on the beam for Sergeant with Lovell, Hartkoff and Wallace making Corporals, and Benefield, Christiansen and Summers getting that first one.

Our Battery Commander, 1st Lt. Stewart, is on leave at present and from several cards received seems to be having a bang-up time. In his absence 2d Lt. Wenban is acting as Battery Commander and all things continue on as before.

BATTERY C. 1st Battalion, 10th Marines, has gone through quite a few changes since last seen on these pages. Lt. Wiggins and Pfc. Gray left the other week.

PtSgt. McLeod and Sgt. Essko have been transferred.

Cigars are in order from the new Sergeants, Little, Barnette, and Booker. Corporals Magee, McLean, Smith and Privates First Class Sessions, Sant, O'Brien, Flowers, Harris and Stanson are also passing out cigars.

Our First Sergeant Barton has returned from the U. S. Naval Hospital after a short illness and we all are glad to have him back.

Our new arrivals include Lt. Smith and Corporal Quinlan.

Among the short timers are Sergeants Tucker and Kidwell. Sgt. Tucker is planning on another four years with the Marines and Sgt. Kidwell hasn't fully decided on the future. Well, this is so long until the next issue.

Turkey day left **BATTERY H.** 10th Marines, gasping; consequently short-winded, to the delight of our readers, and most our rolling the result of gastritis—founded, to you.

It also brought a number of changes in personnel. We regret the loss of 1st Sgt. Mallard "Top." To our new "Ton," 1st Sgt. Kessler, we pledge our wholehearted cooperation.

A number of recent promotions give Sgt. Arthur "J" Searle, Jr.; Corps. Coleman W. Coalter, Lawrence L. Graham, Robert L. Herbert, and Jay F. Lane, double purpose for thanksgiving; also, Pfc. Freddie M. Cooper, James S. Crawford, Elmer L. Sellers, and Robert L. Thomas will have to blush at the pay table come December 4th.

After the last night RSOP, it took a heavy marching order hike the next day to limber us up so we could sit down for chow. Seems our luck and cooperation from the liquid sunshine has faded, for our hiking days are here again.

The property sergeant doubled his requisition for metal polish since the "skipper," Captain O. B. Brown, got his other bar.

I just recalled that we were supposed to be short-winded, so best wishes for the Yuletide to all, and—till we eat again.

BATTERY I. 10th Marines, welcomes Sgt. A. C. Moore back again after an absence of three months.

Lt. Rowse, our battery Motor Officer, took a hurried trip to his home in Ogden, Utah, over Thanksgiving. Returning from and reporting a good time while on furlough were Pvts. Handyside, Edward J., and Eranosian, Vahan. Several of the fellows are already looking forward to Christmas and New Year holiday furlough.

We are proud to say that the battery's contribution to the Community Chest was 100 per cent, and we sincerely hope that we are helping to alleviate the needs of someone less fortunate than ourselves.

Congratulations are in order again, as the following members of the battery were handed a nice Christmas present this month: Corporals Nanney, Kenneth O., and Spear, Charles R., were promoted to Sergeant; Privates First Class Kirkfield, Fred, and Tucker, George S., were promoted to Corporal, and Privates Balch, James M., Martin, William C., Minter, John D., and Painter, Leon H., were promoted to Private First Class.

The Top Kick is certainly having a nice time since the pay raise was authorized. How much do I have coming next payday? is the theme of the day. That's all.

From **BATTERY K.** 10th Marines, comes news of all the activity since the last time we met, with the whole battery in a whirlwind of excitement, but the most enjoyable of all was the promotions.

Promoted to Sergeants are Wilson and Hughes and they tell us it is pretty nice to eat in the NCO mess.

Corporal stripes went to Thurman and Matthews, and incidentally, "Dick" Matthews has just returned from the Camp Dispensary after several months' confinement, so the promotion was very timely.

The new "one stripes" are Hopperton, Harris, MacPherran, and Biggs.

The biggest loss was our 1st Sgt., J. A. English, but we now have 1st Sgt. G. M. Matthieu grinding things into shape with Pfc. Hamusek as his green but able clerk.

Gy-Sgt. O. B. Wells has signed on the dotted line again for the fifth time and is now enjoying a furlough with his folks in the North.

At this time we of Battery K wish to express our regrets and deepest sympathies for the family of Pvt. Luther V. Williams, who was killed in a motor accident.

Until next time, when we'll be right in the middle of the holiday season, we want to wish you all the best of season's greetings.

Ahoy Mates! **BATTERY L.** Tenth Marines, coming along side.

First on the schedule today we would like to announce that after a somewhat lengthy barrage of motor marches, night RSOPs, gun drills, inspections, field days, and week end holidays, Santa Claus came through a month ahead of time with the following promotions. We are proud and happy that Walter Kozol, C. M. Huber, and L. C. Brown were made Sergeants; L. C. Gross made Corporal; H. J. Hart and R. M. Sanchez made Pfc.

Added to the list of prominent personnel recently was First Sgt. L. P. Mallard. 1st Sgt. Mallard is at the present time acting Sgt. Major and First Sgt. We heartily welcome him and hope he has a long stay with us. Sgt. Paul Dolei and Corp. Edward Henderickson joined last month. We wish them all the luck. Last but not least Battery L was favored with a new bunch of Boots, and they are as good a bunch of trail shifters as yet arrived.

We regret that First Sgt. Creed H. DeZarn is gone. Pfc. John L. Fitzgerald, who is well liked by his fellow men, decided not to ship over, and was discharged Nov. 19th. Must have his eyes on something outside. Fitz's loss was felt by every one in the outfit.

Thanksgiving was duly spent in all reverence to the cooks' achievements for which Battery L is most grateful.

Athletics are expected to surge to an all time high with addition of a new football. This pleases E. V. McManus no end. Basketball season will start soon. Our material looks good. Consequently we expect to challenge local and other Marine teams once the boys have nimbled up.

Until we meet again, here's wishing you a pleasant cruise.

Here comes the first article from the junior battery of the Tenth Marines, **BATTERY M.** M Battery is under the direction of 1st Lt. T. R. Belzer, battery commander, and this battery will be with the leaders in the Fourth Battalion even though it is last in the alphabet. 2d Lt. Breedlove being the junior officer, was chosen as recorder on two summary courts martial in the fourth battalion; his first experience and they are tough cases. We also have 2d Lt. C. S. Sanders as battery executive officer and 2d Lt. W. E. Wilson for our battery reconnaissance officer and athletic officer.

Corporal Scott, our communication chief, says our communication men are the pick of the battalion and are fast rounding in to an excellent wire team.

PtSgt. Zucker, acting gunnery sergeant for M Battery, has our gun sections ready to go but they have not had a chance to get any real work yet.

Battery M was formed with the personnel coming from three different batteries of the Fourth Battalion, but are working together very smoothly and will soon be functioning as an efficient unit.

1st Lt. T. R. Belzer had the misfortune of fracturing his foot and is at present sick in quarters with 2d Lt. C. S. Sanders taking over as battery commander.

With best wishes that a happy Thanksgiving was had by all, this is **HEAD-QUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, THIRD BATTALION, TENTH MARINES**, reporting for the month of November.

Before starting on this day of Thanksgiving, I would like to say for myself and for the men of this Battery that we feel proud indeed to be serving our government, and that we will do our utmost to uphold the high morale and honor of and emulate the traditions maintained by the Marine Corps since the beginning of its existence. Recently the Marine Corps celebrated its 166th birthday, and each and every one of those glorious years has been spent for the benefit and on behalf of the people of these United States of America. At this writing we thank God that we are able to prove of some service to our President and Country.

With men like TSgt. C. E. Bogert, 1st Sgt. C. C. Russo, PlSgt. R. M. Anderson, and M. V. Reynolds it is little wonder that we are becoming well trained and efficient in all phases of technical warfare, and are at present enjoying the best Camp Elliott has to offer in the way of problems, hikes, and recreation.

The instrument section is still composed of the same men, Corp. D. L. Moberly, Pfes. J. T. Haynes, G. J. Helwig, M. H. Boehn, and Pvts. R. A. Nelson, C. J. Held and J. A. Grivich. Our communication personnel are tops with us, composing Corps. R. J. Grauel, H. W. Laughrey, J. A. Lieberknecht, Pfes. D. A. Criscola, R. E. and V. S. Molstad, N. F. Stanfield, F. T. Pickrell, B. B. White, C. J. Kubisiak and N. J. Ramirez.

The efficient Sgt. Major's office clerks include Corps. R. A. York, Jr., V. H. Holtgrave, Pfes. D. C. Taylor and R. C. Mitchell, also keeping in step are the 1st Sgt.'s office clerks, Pfes. W. R. Pamplin and A. C. Solomon.

Attending schools at the Marine Base are Pfes. G. R. Smith, L. A. Jones, Pvts. W. A. Norris and L. W. Davis. Pfc. J. W. Lund recently returned from the Base, and is our newest "CP."

Promotions recently are Pfc. M. E. Stout to Corp., Pvt. E. F. Falk to AsstCk., and G. T. Elkins to HAlc. Among our new specialists we have Pfc. Haynes 3d class, Pfc. Helwig 4th class, Pfes. B. B. White and R. A. Billis 5th class.

First Sergeant C. C. Russo's enlistment expired and he immediately reenlisted, and at present is contemplating a well deserved shipping-over furlough.

Joined during the month were Sgt. W. B. Mikolajczyk, Pvts. H. J. Doyle and F. A. Green. Transferred were MSgt. G. D. Geren and Pvt. W. C. Gee.

Due back from furlough soon are Pvts. B. N. Bishop, V. I. Falkner and C. H. Eatmon, Jr.

In baseball lingo, November, '41, to **BATTERY G**, 3rd Bn., 10th Marines, would be described as a "change of pace" month. By that I mean the holidays.

We began the month in eventful style: our CO received his commission and is now Captain Wingo. We take this opportunity to say "Congratulations, Sir." Our officers' assignments still read Lt. Mendenhall as btry. exec., Lt. Williams, asst. exec., Lt. Roberts, R.O., and Lt. Jones as motor officer.

Our enlisted staff has 1st Sgt. Garriss as "top kick," Gy. Sgts., Cummings and Johnsen. Section leaders are Sgt. Schneider of the 1st section, Corp. Lovette of the 2nd, Corp. Ackerman of the 3rd, Corp. Bruchman of the 4th, Pfc. Massey of the 5th. Corp. DeCaro is in charge of the Inst. section and Corp. Wagner of the wire section. Corp. Johnson is our property Sgt., and Corp. Flanagan our police sergeant.

The regular schedule of RSOP's, conditioning hikes, gun drills, motor marches, schools, etc., was carried out, and on some occasions with a variation. On one RSOP the battery fired for the movies and the photogenic boys are expecting a movie contract any day now. Another RSOP was for all night and was a pretty chilly affair. Other variations in the schedule were a "dud hunt," standing an honor guard, catching a couple of week-end guards and making a landing party.

Outside of our regular duties was occasion for rejoicing. First came the Marine Corps birthday followed by Armistice Day. Both were appropriately celebrated and made nice week-ends for the "liberty hounds." Then came the feast of Thanksgiving, and what a feast—turkey and all the trimmings. We Marines had a lot for which to be thankful—about that time we got "straight dope" about our \$10 monthly raise.

Other observations: Sgt. Patch, former star of Marine Corps football and baseball teams, was transferred to the U. S. "Outside"; the current favorite sport is volley ball; we were entertained by a swell stage play; the most used expression in the evenings is "Let's go to the movie"; Saturday afternoons' pastime is listening to football broadcasts—the Irish of Notre Dame being our favorite.

Hi Ya Gang, and all you Leathernecks, this is **HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, FOURTH BATTALION**, reporting, and with news gathered from here and there. They say that time waits for no man, and I can believe that because the sands of time have passed through our fingers since you have last heard from us. We have had a change in our Officer Personnel with Major Ralph E. Forsyth being detached to "H&S" 3rd Bn., 10th Marines, and succeeding him at the helm here is Major Wilbur S. Brown. All hands join me in wishing them both continued success.

Also at this writing we learn that an Intra-Battalion change is to take place, too, with First Lieutenant Harry N. Shea taking over the reins of "M" Battery and First Lieutenant Thomas R. Belzer is to be CO of "Hq&Serv" so to them we say "Happy Landings."

We were all sorry to lose our Sgt. Major, namely Cecil R. Bates. Succeeding him here as acting Sgt. Maj. is 1st Sgt. L. P. Mallard. Tech. Sgt. "Ace" Drummond is acting "Top," while 1st Sgt. Gerald W. Willhour is taking his well deserved furlough.

Promotions, too, have prevailed since our last appearance in **THE LEATHERNECK**, with Corporal Lowell M. Ulrey being advanced to Sergeant, and Private First Class John Crofford, Jr., making Corporal, so to both of these fine Marines we say lots of luck boys and thanks for the cigars; we also understand that within the next few days some more of the lads are to be promoted too, so Santa Claus is showering his season's greetings on "Hq & Service Battery" a little early, which goes to show you that maybe there is a Santa Claus.

All hands were very grateful for the fine Thanksgiving Dinner which was given them and for the package of cigarettes and candy that they found at their plates when they sat down; and from what I heard it was really a fine dinner, and I am sure they were all thankful, not only for what they had to eat but for many things.

Winsome



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On skirt patrol, you and a gob sight a wren at the same time. You look pretty snappy—but so does he.

Now, which one is she gonna let convoy her... the guy with the **GRIFFIN** shine, or one with crummy shoes?

Chances are, though—since **GRIFFIN** outsells all other brands of shoe polish combined in the Services—all your competition will have **GRIFFIN** shines. Well, at least, if your shoes have that bright, long-lasting **GRIFFIN** shine, you got the same advantage—and what Marine ever asked for more than an even break?

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Detachments



This is our newest addition to THE LEATHERNECK family chiming in and if you'll just dial the pages this way you'll see us every month—COMPANY "B," FIRST TANK BATTALION.

Now is the time that all Marines dream about. Furlough. Seven days of it. Just think, seven days to go home and see the folks, eat chickens and chase the old home town chickens, if you catch on to the lingo.

We have a very good CO, Lt. Rowland L. Hall, an experienced tanketeer and a swell fellow to boot. Our Top-Kick is PISgt. H. F. Robinson, who is well on the list for 1st Sgt. We have various good men but too numerous to mention.

This is all for first chance but perhaps ye olde correspondent will have something interesting to tell all you folks next time. Probably about the pretty girls within a 100 mile radius. Right in the groove.

BATTERY F, 2ND BN, 11TH MARINES' arrival was pretty tough going for awhile. However, all of us worked hard and soon whipped a camp into shape that is better than any in the regiment.

Then, just as we were getting settled, 1st Sgt. Karlage posted the holiday leaves and another madhouse began.

Furloughs and all of our work did not keep back promotions. Pfc. Foster and Thomson are now Corporals, while Pvt. Kish became a Pfc.

We are trading First Lieut. Kissinger for First Lieut. Gehring and Second Lieut. Russell, and getting Second Lieut. Bishop for training.

With our new policy of liberty from Friday recall to Monday reveille, some of the men, including the Skipper, Captain Wilson, and the Top, are visiting their wives clear back in Parris Island every week-end.

We are mighty proud of our athletes. Our last three entries in the Divisional boxing tournament, Pfc. Bohrer and Stewart and Pvt. Nagy, were all winners. But all of us are getting in shape now. 1st Sgt. Karlage just doesn't know when to turn around on our regular morning runs.

Reveille pierced the chill morning while the heavy frost mantled the sawdust-strewn streets and the rustic walks. Tired and sleepy eyes guided groggily groping bodies striving fiercely to keep warm while the air resounded with a steady stream of names and shivering responses of "Here!" **BATTERY A, 1ST BATTALION, 11TH MARINES,** was having roll-call.

To walk along the main street and glance along the various battery rows, one wouldn't be able to really picture the wilderness that met our eyes as we drove in with the Regimental convoy from Parris Island, S. C. With the exception of a 4-day maneuver in the surrounding countryside, it's been a continuous stream of working parties in laying decks in the

various tents, felling trees for strong-backs and for the galley, covering the streets with sawdust and building the mess and galley. Our mess compares most favorably with the best that the Regiment can show. The interior is well-lighted by windows at each side; the deck is smoothly floored and benches extend on both sides, sufficient to accommodate most of the battery personnel. These cold mornings make the mess and galley a choice spot for keeping warm since we've acquired a powerful wood-stove. The men responsible for that well-fed and content look on our men are Sgt. R. M. Tartleton and A/Ck. F. W. Goodrich, Jr.

We're a truly rugged crowd but one can't be in the best of health at all times. We're happy to welcome into our midst Corp. Santoro, Pfc. Kovs, Machin, Braddock, Laux, Ryder and Pvt. Oliver and Montini, lately returned from a stay at Sick-Bay. To lend a hand in clearing up the situation, Sgt. Lapkiewicz and Pfc. McReynolds have rejoined their families for the future. To them go our best wishes and hopes that they'll soon have "the situation well in hand." Pfc. W. Kolher was transferred and we extend to him our best wishes, not that he needs them since he's quite the man.

We note the loss of a man respected by all and who's made our battery one of the smoothest-running outfits in the battalion. Words really fail me but I and the rest of the battery have this to say: "Congratulations, Capt. C. L. Banks, and best wishes in your work. As a successor to the position of Battery Commander came 1st Lt. J. H. Moffat. To him we extend our sincere welcome and pledge our unstinted cooperation.

At the moment this article was being prepared we received word that our Detail Sergeant, Platoon Sergeant G. L. Williams, was transferred.

In the field of sport we have scheduled for an early date the Division Boxing Championship. Our contributions and contestants for fistic fame are Corporals J. Fiser, W. McLaughlin, Pfc. C. Volkavitch, and W. Dutton, and Pvt. J. Balaza, E. Thomas, A. Zamsky. Keep that guard up and let your fists fly! We're with you 100 per cent!

MARINE DETACHMENT, AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON, ENGLAND, reporting.

This is sure a screwy war. The second bunch of dope about this detachment reaches THE LEATHERNECK offices first and is published before the first arrives, but being over here gets one accustomed to such things, so here goes for another bunch of dope regarding the gyrenes on this section of the globe.

Things are settling down into a mighty nice routine and the fellows are really enjoying themselves, as is indicated by the grumbings and growlings which are in-

dientive of contentment and happiness in the Marine Corps.

The weather is rather against us, however, as those nice refreshing nights when we could stroll the walks of Hyde Park and whisper sweet nothings into the shell like ears of some beauteous damsel are gone for a few months, and we are most pleased to seek some place where there is a cozy fire.

Are becoming rather disgusted with the local populace. They have been promising us some of their famous "pea soup" fogs but have failed to produce, so are going to doubt that they do have them. Perhaps the future will tell.

We have had one change in the personnel of this Detachment since last writing. Staff Sergeant William G. Rolph, Retired, reported for duty. It was rather interesting to hear Staff Sergeant Rolph talk with the men of this group, especially when, in answer to a question from one of them, he stated that he first joined the United States Forces in 1899. He has served in the Philippine Insurrection, the First World War and so many campaigns that he has forgotten most of them. He has also been in the many blitzes that have taken place over here and can make your hair rise when he describes some of the raids that he and his family have been through.

The entertainments that have been held for the Marines have not diminished in number, as there are dances at least twice a week, special invitations to sherry parties, tickets to this and more tickets to something else. The fellows are standing up very nicely under it all and have learned to raise a drink and say "cheers" instead of "down the hatch," so are becoming a real social success.

Each week-end the truck takes a party to a local park to play indoor baseball, and are they an attraction. The teams playing rugby or soccer are void of spectators, but the softball game has them standing six and eight deep. Of course the local populace thinks that it is a crazy game, especially the way the Marines play it, but they have a lot of fun. We have found about four teams from the State Department of the Embassy, the local Canadian Troops, and others, with which we play.

After a little scouting around we have also located two excellent swimming pools which are being well patronized. The bad feature about them is that they are not open on Sundays and close every day at 5:00 P. M. due to blackout.

The days are getting shorter and the blackout is getting longer. As one fellow described it, if they ever turn the lights on at night, he will be lost. He has become so accustomed to feeling his way home that he would have to close his eyes if there were any lights to find out where he was. Another says that he will feel like Sally Rand without her balloons if he can go on liberty without a gas mask and a helmet. We have become so accustomed to having them with us that we pick them



Provisional Company Replacements Assembled at MB, Washington, D. C.

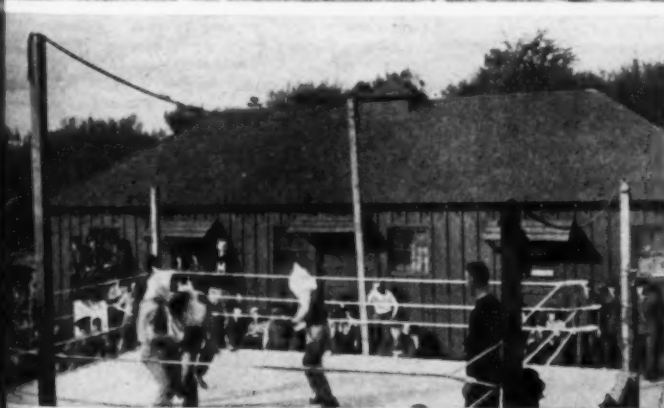
HERE and THERE



Top—Pfc. Frank Aiello receives his Treasury Dept. Medal for saving the life of a drowning woman. (Acme photo)



Members of the Pearl Harbor Marine Band



Above—The 4th Marines bid Shanghai a "fond farewell."

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24 for 15¢
If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.50 for a carton containing 10 packs (240 cigarettes) to Reed Tobacco Co., Dept. LK-1, Richmond, Va.

up unconsciously and would feel lopsided if we did not have them slung on our shoulders. But such is life at the zero meridian in World War Number 2.

The gang are real happy, however, as we are getting the States-side papers and have caught up on Blondie and Snuffy Smith, so nothing can down us now.

That is about enough dope about this gang, except that we would like to correct one thing that we wrote in a previous bulletin. We said that "the night-in-gales did not sing in Berkeley Square" but since then we have found out that the birdies do.

Until you hear from us again we shall raise our ale and give a hearty "cheers" for your good health, when we call the roll at the Barley Mow.

Under the able leadership and guidance of Major Clifford O. Henry, **BUFFALO** has been among the top ranking districts of the Eastern Recruiting Division for some time. Major Henry was recalled to active duty from retirement and is a native of New York State. Lt. Comdr. Robert J. Lawler, USN (Ret.), Lieut. (Jg.) Frederick L. Eagleston, Jr., USN, and CPM (PA) NRF, Bernard A. Karwick comprise the medical staff of the Buffalo station.

Not having a complete history of all the enlisted Marine personnel, I will have to confine myself to data on hand and at a later date come through with the rest.

So far I have found two former Fleet Marine Force men at this station. The writer also being an ex-FMF Marine makes a total of three. Our 1st Sgt., Ralph W.

Carrington, whom some of you will no doubt recall, is a former member of the 10th Regt., which was and may still be as far as I know at Quantico, Va. Sgt. Edward L. Folker and myself are from the 2nd Battalion, 5th Regt. Those were the good old days, and well spent in view of the fact of present national crisis. Another Quantico man some of you readers will recall, especially men in the musician branch, is Sgt. Clayton T. Brickley. Sgt. Brickley was a trumpet player in the band at Quantico. Sgt. Ray H. Bishop, on his second enlistment, made quite a name for himself while on sea duty. Sgt. William D. Cahill is also a former seagoing leatherneck, having acquired the much sought position of gun captain. Sgt. Walter M. Mahoney, who recently reenlisted after being separated from the Marine Corps for some time, spent part of his first enlistment in Nicaragua. Sgt. Lynn D. Sloat, a man who has travelled a great deal since joining the Marine Corps. He has a tour in China to his credit. Sgt. John H. Gleason is gifted with a talent of journalism that has aided this district in obtaining its present standing. Sgt. Gleason received his degree in journalism from one of the well known universities of this state. At the time he was called to active duty he was connected with Buffalo "Evening News." Sgt. Elbert B. Watt, also attached to the district office in Buffalo, is a newcomer and I haven't as yet received any information as to his prior duty. Sgt. James R. Gilchrist of the sub-district spent two years in Cuba. Sgt. Gilchrist, an enthusiastic horseman, won a cup for jumping while at Cuba. The cup was presented at a horse show sponsored by Col. L. W. Whaley, an officer who still maintains a great interest in the training and riding of horses.

In addition to the men I have mentioned there are several more of whom I will cover in the next issue. If anyone wishes to get in touch with the men mentioned they can do so by addressing the letters in care of Marine Recruiting Office, U. S. Court House, Buffalo, N. Y.

The officers and men of **DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS RECRUITING STATION, MACON, GEORGIA**, wish to take this opportunity to wish the entire personnel of the Marine Corps a most happy and prosperous nineteen hundred and forty-two.

The later part of November saw some changes in the personnel of this station and district. Our ranks were increased by the addition of three men. These men are: Sergeants Sam Lee, "Mieky" Mollica, and Bernard Coffee.

Macon was treated to an English rugby game by two teams of British Cadets. The Marines of the local recruiting station, with the cooperation of the Lanier High School band, did the honors in the opening ceremonies of the game. Other activities engaged in by the Recruiters in addition to their regular duties were Participation in the largest Armistice Day parade that Macon has ever witnessed, and assisting the Macon Shriners in conducting their annual Shrine circus.

Sergeant Reed Moberly, who joined this station from El Dorado, Arkansas, recruiting station, went out on an Interrent Recruiting jaunt, and returned with his "Chevy" packed to the top with recruits, and several hanging on the side. He was then transferred to our sub district station in Tallahassee, Florida, to assist Sergeant

Shuman in recruiting some of the Florida boys. Allen Wichman was transferred to the Pensacola Navy Yard.

Our two ace recruiters up in Atlanta decided that recruits were not coming in fast enough, and decided to do something about it, personally. On November 18, Sergeant Naman became the proud poppa of a future Marine, Carl Hawkins Naman, who will probably enlist along about 1958. According to the latest reports, baby, mother and father are doing fine.

His able assistant, Sergeant Edwin Callahan, decided that he would recruit himself, and shipped over for another four years on November 22.

We have just received word that John Snyder has shipped over out in San Diego, and is headed this way via furlough transfer. Moberly, who is down at Tallahassee, in commenting on the situation, averred that in order to make us feel more at home, "Dude" Hyman, who is recruiting over at Oklahoma City, and this writer should get together and open up a dog track and Hai-Alai fronton!

We see on the change sheets that "Bird" Ral, also of the Oklahoma recruiting office, and erstwhile China Side Mariner, has made Staff Sergeant. Ray was the gum chewing stenographer of the Fourth Regiment's Service Company at the same time that we were out there. We are glad to see an old "Shanghai Hand" making good.

RECRUIT DEPOT—Happy New Year from all of us at the Depot out here in San Diego. Many of the men are home on furlough, but life here goes on as before.

What with Randolph Scott, John Payne, Nancy Kelly, Maureen O'Hara, 20th Century Fox directors, cameramen, extras, etc., the whole Base has taken on the aspects of a fortified and militarized Hollywood. The occasion is the filming of Fox's new Marine production, "The Shores of Tripoli." Apparently, it is to be quite an authentic cinema yarn about the Leathernecks because the Marines are cooperating 100%.

The other day, they took a shot of all the recruits plus the Sea School personnel, simultaneously executing physical drill under arms to the music of the entire band. It was quite a sight; like a big grain field in a high wind. Captain Ryan is technical advisor assisted by M-Gy Sgt. Reynolds and Sgt. Maj. Smith.

The actors were swell, though. According to some of the Marines who spent some time with Scott during afternoon beer-call, he is quite friendly, but, from all appearances, plenty able to take care of himself. Better than 200 pounds and solid.

Speaking of chow and animated avoirdupois, Recruit Depot gobbled up 2,500 pounds of gobbler (Tom-Turkey to you), 600 pounds of candy, 400 pounds of fruit cake, 24 cases of apples, 24 cases of oranges, 900 pounds of nuts, and 68 gallons of ice cream; 2,600 cigarettes were smoked. The phone was busy at the dispensary so I couldn't get the dope on bicarbonate of soda.

While at the mess hall the other day I noticed some oil paintings on the wall. Upon investigation, I found that they were painted by Pvt. Harry D. Reeks, a young artist of school age from New Orleans, and just out of boot camp. He told me that the paintings had been done in quite a rush—almost life-size paintings in two hours' time! It was amazing. Reeks also told me about his work previous to his en-

listing in the Marine Corps. His father was a noted designer and naturalist for the Louisiana Department of Agriculture. Young Reeks has been an artist as long as he can remember. His most noted work was his painting of the murals used in the 7th World Poetry Congress held in Cleveland, Ohio.

The dirt being moved at the Reeruit Depot Amphitheater means that we are soon to have a much improved movie area. The stage will be much larger, covered and protected from the rain (which, theoretically, can't happen here). Those participating in stage shows will be able to go from their dressing rooms direct to the stage instead of walking around outside. We'll no longer have to wade through mud either. When the project is finished, the deck will be of asphalt. It's a break for us and also those organizations who graciously entertain us.

We've been having entertainment lately, too. In addition to the weekly shows staged by the YMCA and WPA, the Williams Shaving Cream manufacturers broadcast the Dr. Harry Hagen "True or False" show. The Marine team, composed of Recruits J. T. Flynn, J. R. Hunt, M. A. Short, F. R. Shineberg, J. N. James, and D. S. Barlow, defeated the San Diego State College team composed of co-eds Betty Horn, Frances Coughlin, Dorothy Denham, Emma Baldelli, Beatrice Bourke, and Marjory Megginson. After the broadcast, the girls were presented with Marine decorations and "adopted" by the Corps. Later, free samples were distributed. Now all the men are shaving through the courtesy of the manufacturer.

Local Marines witnessed a special entertainment last month when the Camel Caravan, a traveling show for service men, was presented on the parade ground. Featured were: Marvel Maxwell, formerly with Ted Weems' band; the Sons of the Pioneers; Tap-dancer Marvis Mims; Master of Ceremonies Herb Schriener, radio funny-man; and the three Jays, acrobats. The show was a riot. We really enjoyed it. During the program, semi-attired "sweater-girls" wandered around among the spectators. Even the non-smokers didn't mind, though.

Newest promotions: Harold G. Schrier—from corporal to sergeant; Raymond M. Hamley—Pfc. to corporal; Howard S. Stephens—Pfc. to corporal; Melvin D. Seals—private to Pfc.; Willard C. Johnson—sergeant to platoon sergeant; Harry L. Miller—Sergeant to platoon sergeant.

MB, NORFOLK NAVY YARD, is coming back into the "sport light" by forming a basketball team. Some of the teams to be played in the League are Fort Story, NOB, Naval Hospital, and Yorktown. Also, the post bowling alley was opened this month and a goodly number of the fellows are trying to improve their scores nightly.

The men here are going through a very rigid half hour period of physical exercise every day. The exercises consist of physical drill under arms and a period of "jogging" around the parade ground. This exercise is a bit strenuous but it is building the men up in fine shape, and so far we have one potential boxer in the outfit. We have intra-post football and basketball games, with the big pushball in use on the side.

This month's main activity for the "boys" here was the Marine Dance held at the Portsmouth Armory on the 14th. The music was furnished by Billy Morris' eleven piece orchestra and from what "yours truly" could see, a good time was

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had by all that attended. Some of the notables present were Lt. Col. and Mrs. J. L. Perkins; Capt. and Mrs. J. M. Bathum, who, by the way, led the grand march; Lt. and Mrs. A. J. Beall; and Lts. E. P. Horn and J. D. Howard. About 200 gyrenes and gals attended.

At the intermission punch and cookies were served by our capable post mess sergeant, TSgt. K. A. Hakanson. Also, during intermission Corp. Davidson and Pfc. Rafford entertained the "chow hounds" by singing several popular numbers (don't ever say a Marine can't sing . . . they sure can . . . and how!).

The affair finally wound up shortly after midnight with everyone a little tired, but thoroughly pleased with the outcome of the dance . . . FLASH . . . I have just received word that this one was so good that another one is being planned for the 2nd of January at the same place.

Congratulations are in order. Sergeant R. E. L. Closson has been made a Staff Sergeant. Corps. C. A. Smith and E. Southern were recently promoted to sergeant. Pfes. P. F. Gilliam and B. W. Taylor were promoted to Corporal. Pvts. Davis, Kyimek, Lillard, Mounts, and Wright were promoted to Pfc. Congratulations, fellows, keep up the good work.

SDHS, WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA, broadcasting from the heart of the Anthracite Regions and wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and may 1942 bring more promotions and pay, better assignments to some and last but not least more recruits.

The highlight of November's activities was the Marine Corps League celebration of the 166th Anniversary of the Birthday of the Corps by a dinner sponsored by the George R. Newitt Detachment. The speaker of the occasion was the Honorable J. Harold Flannery, U. S. Congressman, who made clear in our minds the problems facing our government during the Emergency and how they are trying to solve them.

Sixty ex-Marines from various sections of Luzerne County in addition to several local men who came from their out of town places of employment comprised the attendance. The affair was held on Sunday evening, November 9th, at 7 P. M., in the Blue Room of the Boston Restaurant, Public Square, and a wonderful entertainment was put on for us with sons or daughters of one of our group partici-

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pating in each event. Those of you who are not members of your local detachment write in now as the new membership cards for 1942 are available.

Here we are again with lots of straight dope of **MB, CHARLESTON NAVY YARD**. First in order are the promotions. Cpl. Dwight A. Potter, USMCR, to sergeant. Cpl. Edwin J. Middleton and Cpl. Raymond R. Richard both advanced from Privates First Class. And the following made Private First Class: Jerry W. Albright, USMCR, John J. Anuskiewicz, Ralph H. Arrandale, Le Roy C. Biles, Melvin L. Blockinger, Frank P. Fall, III, Daris W. Farley, Arthur H. Fisher, Edgar D. Franks, John T. Hanson, USMCR, William W. Hawk, Berlin A. Matheny and Willie Zalesky. Congratulations to all. Sgt. Potter will be recalled as a member of the 1938 championship whaleboat crew of the USS "Pennsylvania." Pfc. George A. Mikelait, USMCR, was transferred. We all wish "Mike" a smooth cruise at his new berth. Staff Sergeant Hobert F. Garrison (Mess) has the post record for nick-

names. Some of them are "Meat Block," "Pot Roast," and "Spare Ribs," just to mention a few of them. And Joseph D. Sharpe made Staff Sergeant. Nice work, Joe! Goodbye, now.

Another month has passed and here is the **HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, THIRD BATTALION, SEVENTH MARINES**, coming out with the gossip and events that have transpired in the last month.

Thanksgiving came and went with fifty per cent of the boys allowed to go on furlough.

They are all back with us telling tall stories about the amount of chow that they ate and the amount of cider they drank. All in all the men really enjoyed themselves while out on furlough. Wait, however. Do you think that the men left in Camp did not fare as well? That is not true, as we had all the fixin's and all the turkey that we wanted to eat. Boy, that was a feed. Most of us had enough candy and nuts left to last for a week.

We bid goodbye to Pvt. Binder.

Sergeant Major Hanrahan has left on a thirty day re-enlistment furlough and Sergeant Major Chester F. Mattia is taking over in his absence.

Well, wishing you all a merry Christmas, we'll sign off until next time and by the way we wish you all a Happy New Year.

This is **COMPANY K, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines**, terminating the month of November with a current description of what has

happened to us since we last met on the pages of **THE LEATHERNECK**.

During the earlier part of the month, all of the men of the company enjoyed a little rendezvous with a familiar setting—the "boon docks." I believe all the fellows enjoyed it all immensely. The thing we enjoyed most during our three day maneuver was that rather generous serving of bread and cheese, with an immense portion of dust for a chaser.

Most of the fellows got a taste of cold sleeping nights too, and I suppose that they'll all readily agree (particularly the "rebels" amongst us) that the boys in Iceland haven't a thing on us. What say, fellows? But all in all it wasn't so bad, because the maneuvers were successful and ended up beautifully with a 72 hour leave of absence over the week end for all of us. Then we were off in honor of the Birth of the Marine Corps on the 10th and Armistice Day on the 11th, which constituted quite a bit of rest for some of us and a real good liberty for most of us. It seems that we of "K" Company stand united on the subject of "Liberty." I guess the old timers would call us "Liberty Hounds" but then the more liberty we can get the better we'll like it, and I'm sure that the "old timers" will agree along with us. How about it, gang? That's just what I thought.

Fifty per cent of the company had a few days at home over Thanksgiving; the rest of the fellows who remained in camp were served a bountiful meal with all the trimmings. But we really had a very enjoyable Thanksgiving.

A few of the fellows departed. They were: Pvt. Raymond M. Black, Pvt. Paul J. Dolan, Pvt. Charles E. Dunbar, Pvt. John A. Johnson, and Pvt. Francis A. Mellwaine.

Here's a few last minute promotions which surprised three of the men upon returning from an extended Thanksgiving holiday. These three men joined the ranks of NCO's in the capacity of Corporal as of the 17th. They are: Corp. Otha Nichols, Corp. Hal L. McCullough, and Corp. William L. Billingley, Jr. Corporal Otto Wilson was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, for which he should be commended for his good work in heading the list with the highest mark. Pvt. Lloyd H. Lapan was promoted to Private First Class, so it's Pfc. Lapan now. Good work, men, and congratulations.

Well, I reckon this is the conclusion of our news round-up for now but you'll be hearing from us again in December. Need I remind you that there is only twenty-three (23) shopping days 'til Christmas? This is your reporter signing off for now.

Once again **COMPANY I, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines**, makes a report, which at this time is very cheerful, as all members seem well contented for which they should after all, as fifty per cent of the command received seven days' furlough at Thanksgiving and the other fifty per cent is just waiting until Christmas comes along and then they will take their long awaited for leave which will be about the same as Thanksgiving, nevertheless we still have the usual amount of griping as at this writing this Battalion has taken to the boon docks again for about four days and the boys will be resting under the singing pines for about three nights but the weather is very warm now and unless a blizzard sweeps down from the north why it shouldn't be so bad after all.

At our last writing we mentioned about losing our 1st Sgt. William C. Kepple which was a blow to the company but in his loss we gained PISgt. Ira W. Moffett who is acting as our 1st Sgt. and seems to be carrying on where 1st Sgt. Kepple left off and all this command hopes that he will have a long stay with us.

So until the next publication and the Christmas holidays are over and we have more news to write about Company "I" signs off with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from **COMPANY L, 3rd Bn, 7th Marines**, to its former members and readers of this column. We are still carrying on with most of the old timers with us although a few have left. Sgt. Tanner is trying ever so hard to keep the NCO mess up to the minute and 1st Sgt. Roberts is breaking in a new company clerk named Buckley. Lt. Bohnet left us this month. Promotions for the month were Mills and Phillips to Corporal and Kovacic, Lietchi, Mutarelli to Pfc. Transferred were Pvts. Brown, Gardner, Borowiec, Strickland and Pfc. Bailey, Vogler and Suereth. We have joined recruits from P. I. who are Milles, Niola and Tomashofski.

We sally forth again next week for a quiet little outing in the whispering pines of North Carolina armed heavily with sweatshirts, blankets, long handled scivies, storm jackets and etc. against the elements. Christmas leaves are approaching rapidly and everyone is looking forward to being home with the folks and what tales we will hear. So until "42" so long readers and again a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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Greetings, readers, this is **COMPANY M**, Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, once again going to press as promotions continue to flow within our command. Congratulations to Sgts. Robert E. La Salle and Joseph Marszalec. Also to Corporals Leon G. Crawford and Joseph Edwards. May they continue the fine work. Some of the men are still feeling the after effects of Turkey Day. This is one Christmas that will certainly be merry, mainly because we are spending it in the States.

The battalion has organized a boxing team, and "M" Company is well represented by veteran athletes such as Corp. Leon Crawford, Pfc. Carl Steel and Pvts. Leon Lollar and Gustaf Hakim. The company intends to organize a basketball team; as yet we haven't tested our talent, but I'm certain we'll make a good showing.

Gy. Sgt. Jacob Durmer has been relieved of his duties of acting 1st Sgt. by PlSgt. Cyril W. Ashton, and will soon be enjoying his thirty days' shipping over furlough. PlSgt. Cyril Ashton has just joined our outfit, and so at this issue we welcome him into our company. Well, that's all for now, see you next month.

The most recent arrival to our paradise is 2nd Lt. Kenneth Smith. Welcome to **BOURNE FIELD**, Lieutenant, and a pleasant stay.

The last scheduled transfers for this year were effected during the past week. After quite a few dummy runs of packing, etc., StfSgt. F. Connors, MTSgt. A. Haas, MTSgt. A. Wiart, and TSgt. M. Marks are finally on their way.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Captains A. H. Bohne and J. D. Harshberger, who were promoted to that rank during the past month, with commissions 1 March, 1941.

Two recent transfers were Sgts. T. Efstathiou and M. Balko. Both of these boys passed flight training exams and are on their way to be pilots.

Promotions during the month of November were StfSgts. J. J. McGee, F. J. Bartosik, H. B. Johnson, Sgt. Jesse Ward, Cpl. Henry Kramer, Pfc. R. A. Leone, S. S. Bell, Jr., W. O. James, E. Kadidlo, Don Rinnas. Congratulations, fellows, keep up the good work.

Congratulations to George "Abe" Abrams on having been promoted to First Sergeant. By virtue of this promotion "Abe" takes over the 1st Sgt's post in the Marine Barracks, relieving 1st Sgt. Joe Matsick.

The band of the **PEARL HARBOR MARINE BARRACKS** bears the distinction of being the only Marine Corps band stationed in a navy yard, at the present time.

Through hard work on the part of its leaders and members, past and present, this representative leatherneck band has earned a unique reputation in Honolulu musical circles.

Many years ago the band came to be known as the "best on the rock," and it has never ceased to live up to that reputation.

In spite of tough competition from approximately 75 Army, Navy, and civilian bands in the territory, many of whom are much larger than the Marine band, the Marines have continued to gain in prestige, both in concert and as a marching unit.

Many well known Marine Corps bandmasters have guided its destinies in the past.

Bandmaster Ernest E. Arnold, "the grand old man of Marine Corps bands," long since retired and living in San Diego, did much to establish the present high rating enjoyed by the band.

Other oldtimers were Bandleaders Gilbert Munn, Knowles, Kaeshamer, Seigrist, Herman, and Alfred Francis. Alfred Francis was formerly associated with the Punahou School as director of bands.

Master Technical Sgt. Leland L. Brigham, whose tour of duty in Hawaii was terminated in July, 1937, when he was transferred to the Post Band, Parris Island, inaugurated the regular monthly broadcasts from the Army & Navy Y.M.C.A. The band had participated in many previous broadcasts from the post bandstand and local studios.

Bandmaster Raymond G. Jones, who relieved Bandmaster Brigham, enjoyed the reputation of being one of the foremost musicians and directors ever to come to Hawaii. During his stay, he introduced the works of many modern composers to Honolulu radio audiences.

Bandmaster Raymond Jones was a member of the Honolulu Symphony orchestra for two seasons.

Master Technical Sgt. Eric E. Isaacson took over the baton from Jones in July, 1940, continuing the good work of his predecessors.

Keeping in close touch with the musical likes and dislikes of his audiences, Bandmaster Isaacson noted that the present day leaning toward swing was very pronounced, particularly among the younger Marines. As the post band is primarily for recreation and the building of morale, he set about organizing a swing band that has become the pride of the Marines stationed in the area.

Lately the navy has gone in heavily for swing bands, but none have topped the Pearl Harbor 19 piece aggregation. Special arrangements permit the use of 5 saxes, 4 trumpets, 4 trombones, 2 string basses, drums, guitar, and piano.

On November 22nd, Bandmaster Isaacson's efforts were culminated when the swing band triumphed over 3 crack fleet orchestras, in the first semi-final event staged in the Navy Arena Battle of Music.

In a recent issue of **THE LEATHERNECK** our journalistically inclined and very able Lt. Pat Densman did a bit of expounding on the activities of Parachute Troops. Using Mr. Densman's article for a starter, or a hypothetical shot in the arm, the **FIRST PARACHUTE BATTALION** is now making its bid, or grand entrance, as regular contributors to these pages. Numerous times we had thought about dashing off a few lines, but somehow or other we would never get around to it. Then just lately we got to thinking. Upon looking back over our years we smile a bit, chuckle, beat our molars, and most of all get a mighty proud feeling.

It's a well known fact that the Marine Corps has never had a "morale problem." We believe, and not in a boastful attitude either, that the First Parachute Battalion has just as high a degree of Semper Fidelis and esprit de corps as any service in the world. Of course we have a bunch of "regular guys" for officers. Our senior officer and Battalion Commander is a man who has been with the Troops since the first class went under training. Right on down the

line our officers are A-1. Company "A" is commander by Capt. M. J. Howard, Company "B's" "old man" is Capt. C. A. Miller, and Battalion HQ is led by Lt. J. H. Myers. The junior officers are in close contact with the men and there is respect and admiration displayed both ways. We believe, and with just cause, that our personnel is tops.

A few of those men who have recently added new stripes to their arms are as follows: from Sgt. to PlSgt., Buckley, Robert L., Steele, Wyley M.; from Corp. to Sgt., Tosches, Carlo., Poziemski, John W.; from Pfc. to Corp., Perry, F. A., Maloney, John M., Locke, Garrieks, Rathbun, Robert C.; from Pvt. to Pfc., Morris, Newt A., Jr., McCarthy, Charles R.

With Christmas and New Year's approaching, it is only natural that we are getting that wistful look in our eyes, and our thoughts turn to home and furlough. We don't know if we'll get a leave, but you can't stop us from dreaming.

When you are reading this, the holidays will have passed. To those of you who have had the good fortune to obtain a leave, we hope that it was a good one and that you are not too far in debt as a result. To the rest of you, remember that a new year is just starting and whatever outfit you are in and wherever you may be, we sincerely hope that it is a prosperous year, and the best of luck to you all. . . . Don't give up the 'chute.

As this is the initial appearance of **MD, ST. LUCIA, WINDWARD ISLANDS**, in THE LEATHERNECK, we will give you a little dope on our officers and NCO's. Major Max D. Smith is our C.O., 1st Lt. Paul A. Rebola our Communication and Post Exchange Officer, Lt. (jg) Robert C. Ray our Medical Officer and Lt. (jg) C. A. Smith our Intelligence Officer. 1st Sgt. M. B. Rogers, Platoon Sgt. George Millard, Stf. Sgt. Bill Preble, Sgts. Bill Williams, B. D. Stone, Bill Lewis, Ed Canter, R. M. Skinner, Cpls. E. A. Gimber, J. E. Morris, M. A. Akin, W. F. Gabrielski and Fld. Ck. Tagmyer complete the NCO roster.

On March 30th we had our official flag raising. The Administrator of the Island, the American Consular Agent and other officials and prominent people of the Island came to see the American Flag raised over St. Lucia for the first time. Speeches by the Administrator, the American Consular Agent and Major Smith, a Guard of Honor composed of this Detachment and a landing force from the USS "Goff" were all an impressive part of the ceremony. The color detail that raised the flag was composed of 1st Sgt. Rogers and Pfc's. Cimina and Harry.

Of course, fun is fun, but one thing that all Marines are interested in is promotion! We have had plenty of that too! To start at the top of detachment and on down, the Major is on the verge of having his gold leaf turn to silver, Lt. Rebola will soon add the second bar to his shoulder, Preble moved up into the staff ranks, Williams and Eddie Canter added the third stripe to their arms, and Akin and Gabrielski both moved into the NCO's via Corporal's chevrons. And last but not least, Pfc's. so numerous that I will have to wait until later to give you their names. Lots of free beer has been guzzled here via these promotions.

As is customary in the Corps, however, it is not all play. Pl. Sgt. Millard has the drill and school schedule running full blast. An hour in this St. Lucia sun is a darn good conditioner, especially if you

are carrying a rifle. So "cheerio" as they say here; pop in for a spot of tea. See you next month.

If we don't get some snow at **IONA ISLAND** soon, I'm afraid Santa Claus will have to visit us this year via the Hudson River in one of the Navy's new PT boats. Last month I reported we were "digging in" for the spell of winter—if our present weather conditions prevail we will be compelled to "dig out" of our "digging in" preparations.

We have had several changes during the past month. Platoon Sgt. Cedric E. Lewis was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant, Corporal John Russell was promoted to the rank of First Sergeant, Pfc's. Ernest de Fazio and Theodore Botsford were promoted to Corporal, and Pfc's. Ellis, George, Gammel, Joseph, Polack, and Whitaker received warrants for Private First Class.

At the suggestion of 2nd Lieutenant Jacobs we have started a Post Weekly Newspaper, the first issue of which was printed and distributed for the week ending December 5th. We are happy to report it was received favorably and all hands are anxious to help put the paper across.

We regret to report the transfer of Sgt. Henry Lewandowski. "Ski" was transferred to the New York Recruiting office where he will extend his efforts to the task of expanding the strength of the Marine Corps.

At 8:10 P.M., Wednesday, December 3, eighty musicians of the **UNITED STATES MARINE BAND** filed onto the stage of the band auditorium at the Marine Barracks here in Washington. The preliminary tuning finished, Captain Santelmann raised his baton and the glorious opening chords of Mozart's overture "Lucio Silla" fell upon the delighted ears of the large crowd of music-lovers who had gathered to witness the opening concert of the Marine Band's winter concert season, which for six months brings to the people of Washington the works of all the great composers of music—classical and modern.

It is a source of never ending amazement to the listeners of these concerts when they realize that this same aggregation of musicians who are producing such excellent orchestra music can, at a moment's notice, lay down their violins, violas and cellos and turn into the finest military band in the country.

This metamorphosis does occur Friday afternoon at 1:00 P.M., E.S.T., when the Marine Band broadcasts its weekly program for the shut-ins over the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting System. Incidentally it may be interesting to note here that the band first began broadcasting May 17, 1922, from the Naval Air Station in Anacostia over the N.B.C. network. This makes almost twenty years of continuous radio work and although we don't have the exact figures of other musical organizations we would like to bet that this is some kind of a record.

Several White House engagements were played during the month; in fact the Marine Band was playing for a formal luncheon that fateful Sunday, December 7, when word first reached them of the outbreak of hostilities. The declaration of war brought little change in the band's activities for the time being, however, as its value in sustaining and building up morale with its stirring military music is

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very high and the Commanding Officer has decided that this important function should continue until further orders are received.

Well, well, after our usual lapse of one issue, here we are with all the dope about our little desert post at **HAWTHORNE, NEVADA**. Surprised?

We mentioned the dance in our last report but here is more complete data: The Halloween Hop was a complete success at any angle viewed. The girls from Reno were surprisingly good-looking, charming, and amiable, and well, nice. Great was the number of soft drinks and sandwiches consumed that night, and many a foot was trod on for a noble cause. But, as was said before, seldom has such a good time been witnessed by our Hawthorne detachment. Oh, yes, to prove our point, the local girls were a mite put out because of the way they were not the hit of the evening. More of these dances to come in the near future.

Say, the changes around here would make your head spin. There are a few changes on the Main Gate which we won't mention; quite a number of new faces and new stripes, with only about six men transferred. Comes the rates: firstly, C. W. McEwen to Sergeant, J. L. Fleischauer to Chief Cook, L. H. Fritz and V. E. Taylor to Corporal, and as Pfc. we now have: L. E. Albritton, V. B. Boromisa, R. W. Hayward, E. E. Semsky, J. P. Sommars, C. A. Sprick, J. A. Tassone, R. P. Witcher, J. C. Wright while J. C. Long made Assistant Cook. Our sincerest congratulations to all of you fellows and we hope you all make a lot more stripes.

Our transfers out, there are Sgt. (QM) Wulk, Pfc. Castillo and Hartman, D., and Private Waldman, Pvt. Rhoades, and Pfc. Johnston. Just arrived at our metropolis are Pfc. M. A. Walter, Pfts. E. F. Aswegen, E. J. Chartrant, R. R. Thornton, J. A. Watson, J. W. Windham, R. R. Wren, and Field Music R. A. J. Goray.

By the time this is printed Sgt. Rowen, Corp. Hurt, and Pfc. Simonich will be paid off. According to latest reports, they won't ship over—at least until the "Outside" proves that the Marines offer a better life. Remember, men, only ninety days. Did we forget our first cruise, Sergeant J. H. Berger? He, too, is getting short—on this cruise. But it is rumored that this cruise is but the first of many.

We've had our first snow! Of course, it was only a mere trickle, but the fact that the white wave is upon us is all too evident. The boondock watch-standers inform us that with two pairs of green trousers, overshoes, undershirt, shirt, sweatshirt or sweater, sheepskin, and parka, it is only fairly chilly in the early hours. But we all get used to it. In fact some are breezing around without the sweatshirt!

Since our Low Cost Housing has been finished, and the new duplex apartments completed, the other apartment building almost built, what will we do with all the room? Our staff non-coms and some Navy men fill one duplex while some four married Marines and about forty civilian families inhabit Low Cost. Should I mention Sgt. and Mrs. Chambers? It seems that as Assistant Manager of L. C. H. things are running pretty smoothly over there, eh, Doc?

We had a community sing fest not long ago. It turned out well enough considering that this was our first effort. Or

could it have been that our song director's voice quenched our feeble efforts?

Here's hoping we get our pay increase but we're like many others; we'll believe it when we see it in our hand.

We can't wish you Merry Christmas 'cause this won't be published until maybe the January issue, so Happy New Year or possibly an enjoyable Lincoln's Birthday.

The frosty weather has hit Quantico and nature has taken on her usual bleak appearance for winter, but it will take a lot more than the winter winds and storms to squelch the spirits of the students of **THE TRAINING CENTER**.

As November rolled past it found The Training Center full of hustle and bustle, for it was not only Thanksgiving, but graduation time. While it was slightly different from your grammar or high school graduation, it still held that old familiar ring and brought back pleasant memories of the past, which with the new honors so recently attained, made the students feel that they were fulfilling their class prophecy and making good. New classes are now formed and everyone is busy brushing aside the old cobwebs that darken the slightly stagnant minds and are bringing the old brain cells back into action once again.

Among some of the new arrivals at The Training Center are Corporals "Bill" Sims, Philip Seigler, and Joseph W. Simpkins. Corporal Simpkins has returned to his old job at the Depot while Sims and Seigler are taking things in stride in the QM office of The Training Center.

Athletics are still running high in The Training Center, but we must admit the scores are rather low. Our bowling team still maintains that they are at least consistent, even if it is low. The bowling tournament is well under way and has afforded many exciting evenings for all in the Post Recreation Center bowling alleys.

Basketball is now getting under way. Teams are being formed in each school and company and a Training Center Tournament is being planned by our athletic officer, Lt. Homer Sharpenberg.

Corporal Lawrence Gross recently returned from a furlough to his home in Massachusetts. Larry reports that he had a fine time, but admits that he was rather glad to get back to the old gang in The Training Center. Pfc. Raymond W. Yacknow recently returned from a furlough to his home in Cleveland, Ohio, and is back on his well-handled job as the Commanding General's orderly.

Pvt. Ray L. Jansen recently joined the Plans and Training office of The Training Center. He was recently discharged on the west coast and had a desire to see what the East Coast Marines were doing. After being discharged he traveled inland until within the east coast limits, then re-enlisted. We hope he will find the east coast as interesting as he reports the west coast is.

Captain Charles L. Banks recently arrived to take over the Aerial Observers' Course. This is one of our newer schools, and we feel sure that Capt. Banks will soon have the situation well in hand.

A new school in Aerial Photographic Interpretation has recently been organized in The Training Center. Captains Robert C. Burns and William R. Via, assisted by 2nd Lts. Horace H. Figuers and Tom Gaines, are the Instructors. The first class is now in progress and is composed of 4 officer students and 23 enlisted students.

Staff Sergeants Fred Sloniker and Har-

old A. Thomas, Sgt. John G. DeFreitas and Corp. Donald G. McGrew, instructors in our Motor Transport School, recently left.

Corporal Perry W. Baker, one of the instructors in the Motor Transport School, has recently enrolled in the Specialist Class at Fort Belvoir, Va. He is taking an advanced course in Welding; upon completion, he will return and take over instruction in welding in the Motor Transport School.

WATER DISTILLATION AND PURIFICATION SCHOOL reporting, and for the benefit of our far-flung graduates, this is to let them all know that the school is going stronger than ever. Every week seems to find us with more and more equipment. Each piece gets a thorough shake-down before it is recommended for use.

For the benefit of would-be students who have heard of the School but do not know what it is all about, a few words follow:

Battles have been lost because of the lack of drinking water. Little islands in strategic seas have been untenable because the only water available was salty. Successful assault parties on beach heads have been imperiled because their water ran out, while scanty supplies were obtained from supporting ships only under tremendous difficulties. The Libyan campaign vividly brought to light this hitherto vital deficiency when despairing, thirsty troops retreated along the beaches of the beautiful but mocking salt water of the Mediterranean.

Cognizant of this fact, the Marine Corps is sending into the field various types of distillation equipment which will be mobile, quick to place into action and as quick to withdraw and set up immediately in another place. Thirst within the sight of water need no longer be the despair of hard-pressed men as long as there is a "still" around. Men with mechanical ability and a flair for the principles of physics and math are taking to this type of work and liking it immensely.

As the **AERIAL OBSERVERS' SCHOOL** enters its ninth week of the communication course the six officers in the present class are looking forward to being transferred in approximately a week to aviation. All officers in the class are expected to qualify in radio operating at a minimum of 15 words per minute by that time, and at this writing all are expecting to qualify.

Captain C. L. Banks, USMC, has been transferred to assume duties as Officer in Charge of the Aerial Observers' School. Inasmuch as this constitutes the first class for aerial observers, there is naturally a necessity for much experimenting and changing of plans, until the best methods of training can be definitely decided upon and adopted.

Upon reporting to an observation squadron, the class is to undergo training in the various subjects required of aerial observers, including aerial photography, gunnery, navigation, artillery spotting, and many others. Part of the course to which all are looking forward is participation in the forthcoming maneuvers with the FMF either with a field artillery battalion or as part of an observation squadron. At the conclusion of the school, those officers who qualify are to be designated as aerial observers.

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COMPANY "E," the General Training Company of The Training Center.

First off let's get acquainted with the Company's personnel. The Company Commander is Major Asa J. Smith. Behind the desk marked First Sergeant sits 1st Sgt. S. X. Swimme, who is doing an excellent job of pinch hitting for the regular Top Kick, Joseph Hornstein, who is now on furlough in the vicinity of the home of "those beautiful bums," yes, yes, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sgt. Robert H. Starke sits behind a desk marked Pay Clerk. Over on the other side of the office is a desk behind which sits the Change Sheet, Morning Report, Ration Statement Clerk, and your general office work is none other than Pfc. Arnold S. Baker, Jr. The company runner is Pvt. Robert W. Waterman. Inside the squadrooms is a man labeled Police Sgt.; this man is Corp. Peter Wasalanko.

Christmas and New Year's are again almost upon us and will have come and gone when this goes to press and is on its way to the many readers of THE LEATHERNECK. I take this time to wish all the Marines wherever they may be in behalf of the rest of the company and myself, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you live to enjoy many more to come.

THE MOTOR TRANSPORT SCHOOL is a beehive of excitement and activity, for the Motor Transport School is going on "MANEUVERS," and there isn't a real Marine who doesn't get a thrill when he hears this. The Motor Transport School will leave around the first of the year for the usual winter Maneuvers.

They will be formed into a Provisional Motor Transport Company and will be used to transport the Observers, Press, and Photographers while on Maneuvers. Excitement is running high, for this will afford the students the opportunity to familiarize themselves with the real problems of "Field Training." The school will continue with its regular training while there, so no time in classes will be lost, but much experience will be gained.

During the past month the **HIGGINS BOAT DETACHMENT** has been occupied with painting and reconditioning the boats. The boats were dry-docked, scraped, and given two coats of paint. They are now in ship-shape condition.

A number of practice landings have been made recently following a survey conducted to find the most advantageous landing beaches along the Potomac. Each Coxswain has made at least two landings.

The detachment had the privilege of taking Major General Holland M. Smith and his guests, two British Marine Officers, on a trial run down the Potomac.

Two of the boys, Privates First Class Grassl and Foster, have taken up the art of Pugilism. They are trying out for the Post Boxing Team.

Lt. Stephan is trying to improve his golf game. Private Halewanski has been offering some suggestions. We wonder if Lt. Stephan knows that Halewanski was a golf pro before entering the Marine Corps?

The **REFRIGERATION COURSE** of The Engineer School is about to graduate its fifth class. This particular class has two Second Lieutenants among its students. Lts. Beckley and Hazard are winding up their tour of the Engineer School with this one month course in Refrigeration as it applies to Marine Corps field equipment. The nine enlisted students will have received basic instruction in the gasoline engine, the principles of electricity, motors

and generators and finally theoretical and practical experience with the U. S. Marine Corps Cooler. The school is seeking to develop service men for the cooler without the instructions being too technical, but it is believed that a high school graduate is the best qualified enlisted man to undertake the course. However, a mechanical background of perhaps two or three years and a mechanical imagination will stand the student in good stead.

The **CAMOUFLAGE COURSE** of the Engineer School, The Training Center, is designated to furnish men trained in camouflage procedure for Engineer Battalion Camouflage Sections, and technical advisors in camouflage for other unit headquarters. The major portion of the instruction is devoted to actual camouflage of different types of supply and defensive installations.

The course is open to enlisted men with sufficient educational background to enable them to absorb the technical knowledge of camouflage procedure.

Successful camouflage is based upon the following principles, listed in order of relative importance: 1. Proper choice of position. 2. Camouflage discipline. 3. Proper erection of camouflage material, and 4. Type of material used. Beyond that, camouflage is mainly experimentation. It is the aim of the Engineer School to give enrollees in this course actual practice in the above mentioned camouflage requirements and to allow them free rein in exercising their ideas on the subject.

The course is not long enough to carry out any involved experimental project, but a certain amount of time is allotted throughout the course for specified types of camouflage work and details. This time is spent covering as many of the following subjects as possible; reading of aerial photographs and maps, erection of flat-top wire nets, fish net, road screens, use of garlands and natural materials, painting of buildings, water tanks, guns, and vehicles, building gun emplacements, and if possible, one or two hours may be used for aerial reconnaissance of the camouflaged area or objects in order to test the effectiveness of the camouflage.

The purpose of the **DEMOLITION COURSE** is to teach men how to handle explosives safely and intelligently, how to calculate theoretical demolition problems, and how to apply this theory to practice. With this in mind, the one month's schedule has been apportioned as follows:

The first week, the mornings of this week are given over to theoretical calculations and learning how to apply different formulae to type problems. The afternoons are taken up with the study of blasting accessories and a thorough familiarization with their use.

The second week is the blasting week. Here is taught the application of the first week's knowledge in actually demolishing wood and steel, in blasting craters and in breaching concrete. Each man handles explosive each day, and is firmly impressed with the care and skill that must be employed in the use of such potentially powerful material.

The third week, every day this week a large scale demolition problem is tackled. Bridges, dams, railroads, highways, and other projects are theoretically destroyed with wooden blocks cut and colored to resemble TNT. Drawings are computed, and speed runs are made with competing crews.

The fourth week, this week is given over to "special" demolition problems.

THE LEATHERNECK

Molotov cocktails are thrown, Bangalore torpedoes are made, road blocks are created, and incendiary bombs are ignited. In addition, there is theory on bridge strength estimation, and movies are shown of various demolition problems being carried out.

Turn your dial to number 14, move your chair close to the speaker, light up a cigarette and make yourself comfortable, for it's your old buddy "Snoop" from the 14TH PROVISIONAL COMPANY about to give out with all the news and scuttlebutt that's fit to print.

In the past month the company has grown to almost full strength and we wish to say a word of welcome here and now to the following new members:

Supply Sergeant William H. Posey, Jr., Platoon Sgt. Furtek, Pl. Sgt. Clarence R. Etheridge, Sgts. Oliver Short and Anthony Corirossi. The following joined from The Training Center: Gy. Sgt. Stanley Hoffman, Sgts. William Elmore and George T. Cammack, Corps. H. B. Jones, T. J. McHugh, S. W. Small, C. C. Sneed, and T. J. Swank, and L. Turse.

1st Lt. Chas. N. Hulvey is our temporary "skipper," being ably assisted by our company officer, 2nd Lt. Earl W. Gardner.

Credit goes to 1st Sgt. Cotrufo for his job, which wasn't easy, of answering all types of questions which only recruits can ask. We are sorry to see our fine company clerk, Pvt. Stephen Cherepon, leave us.

At this time we must come out in the open long enough to take off our hat to Capt. Plain and our Company Officers for the splendid job they have done in training the recruits who have been brought in to fill our company to capacity. We expect to be on our own soon and every man-jack in the outfit is in the pink of condition. Our training schedule has been very rigid (I should know, I followed the company the day they covered 9 and a half miles in 2 hrs. and 35 min. of actual marching) and has included combat principles, school on first aid, and have even covered incendiary bombs. All in all every man in the company is well prepared for any eventuality.

We have gone "all out" for athletics, both organized and individual, and the company boasts just about everything from a jockey to a kegler (bowler to you, chum).

Our Naval Mail clerk is none other than Corp. "R." "B." Wilson, formerly of the Guard Co., and is just the man for the job, but we'll find out how much studying he has done the next time the Postal Inspector makes his rounds.

It would go well here to mention and thank that swell football team here at Quantico for the drubbing they gave those Baltimore Firemen the 22nd of November. Boy Oh Boy! what a liberty that was! Our entire company marched in the parade before the game.

That being all the news to date, and inasmuch as I have to watch the mighty 14th play baseball now, we'll close wishing all those who do or don't read THE LEATHERNECK a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Keep your ears tuned up and your eyes wide open and I'll send you some interesting reports by dog sled from our next port of call in the New Year.

This month finds THE FIFTEENTH PROVISIONAL MARINE COMPANY through another month of their intensive training schedule, which consists mainly of close order drill and more drill, hikes and moke hiking. But the men of the

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We want to wish the best of luck to Plt. Sgt. Herbert L. Frazier and Sgt. Edgar W. Feigley, just recently transferred.

A new change in the company is being taken in stride by the men. They are now studying and training with the 81 and 60 MM Mortars and the Thompson Sub-Machine Gun. From the smiles on Lt. Howards' and Lt. Broomes' faces, the men must be doing better than just progressing with their new training.

The company made quite a hit with the population of Baltimore when they gave that snappy parade, accompanied by the Post Band, at the football game between the Baltimore Firemen and the Marines on the 21st of November. The Baltimore paper carried a nice big picture of the parade entitled "As if Marching to War." It sounds convincing anyway. There were 20,000 spectators present at the game. The game ended with the situation well in hand, the Marines leading with a score of 39 to 0.

Newcomers to the company are Plt. Sgt. Elmo M. Haney, who right now is enjoying a 30 day furlough, Corp. Wilbert H. Collins, and Pfes. Hart, Paranzino and Squires.

On the 22nd of November THE 15TH PROVISIONAL COMPANY went to the football game between the Marines and the Baltimore Firemen. The game was played in the Baltimore Stadium, and our company participated in the parade before the game. The 14th and 15th Provisional Companies also were in the parade which was led by Major Brink of the 16th Company.

At present our company and the 15th are very busy in reorganizing; we are now forming demonstration units, to be used in demonstrations for the Marine Corps Schools. We are sure that we will have a fine unit, for we have some very capable instructors in our organization, which include the following men and officers: 2nd Lieuts. Edward Waters, Herbert T. Elliott, Jr., and Horace C. Parks. Platoon Sgt. Alva B. Wilson, Sgts. Johnny "D" Walker, Charles S. Robertson.

Apparently the most important current issue among the enlisted personnel seems



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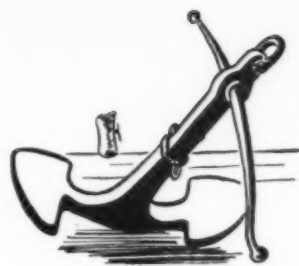
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to be the coming holiday season, and everyone is looking forward to their leave, and at this time wish to extend their best wishes to everyone.

We are trying our best to persuade our 1st Sgt., Russell Koller, to extend his enlistment, which expires on the 16th of January, 1941.

Sea Going



For the first time in many months **MD. USS "ERIE,"** is again trying to break into print with a few choice tid-bits of news and happenings of the past few months.

In the past few months transfers and promotions have been distributed in abundance. First Lieutenant O. C. Tigner has been detached and the gap left by his departure has been filled by First Lieutenant N. G. Payne. Congratulations were indeed in order on First Lieutenant J. P. Sayers' promotion to Captain.

We've lost Sergeants Dodds and Fowler; Corporals Bryson, Murray and Middlebrook; Private First Class Collamer, Hammack, Hampson, Harker and Private Fielding.

Out of the smoke-screen laid down by the "promotion" stogies emerged Sergeant Thomas; Corporals Damsgaard, Mahon, Martin, Newsome, Pendergast, Roberts and Scotcher; Field Cook Spears; Privates First Class Best, Cavender, Clodfelter, Gardner, Golden, Hunt, Irwin, Kivett, Maddox, Pullen, Rebalsky, Reiss and Williams; Field Music First Class Lloyd. We wish to extend to each and every one of these men who received these rates our congratulations and we are sure that we speak for the entire detachment. Keep up the good work, laddies.

In the recent Army and Navy Art Exhibit held at the Balboa YMCA, Pfc. Nathanson of our detachment walked away with first prize in the Water Color Group. His winning entry depicted a group of Marines in that old parlor pastime, "galloping dominoes." We felt justly proud of our contestant as all service men on the Isthmus were eligible. In the swimming meet held at the opening of the Naval Ammunition Depot's new swimming pool many members of this detachment, including Nathanson, took their share of the prizes.

The anniversary of our Marine Corps was celebrated in regal fashion, the recalling of old traditions and customs, feats of glory, honor and valor that makes our branch of the service the envy of every service branch of the armed forces in the world. Even we here in the tropics have

feats and skirmishes from time to time, not with common foe but with the rules and regulations of Zonites and the National Police, but all in good-natured fun, did I hear some one say get out the snow plow? We leave you with a haggard look and attempting to dig out.

THE MARINE DETACHMENT, USS "COLORADO," is returning once again to **THE LEATHERNECK** pages.

More ratings were made in our detachment during the past thirty days than we have had in quite some time. We are glad to announce the following promotions of Privates Lawrence H. Glismann, Edwin A. Bergman, Jr., Edwin G. McConnell, Wayne B. Axell, Hugh L. Anderson, and Roland E. Giddens to Privates First Class. Pfc. Albert N. Friedly and Raymond C. Detrick to Corporals, and we are especially proud to announce the promotion of Platoon Sergeant William B. Simmons to first sergeant. Shortly after promotion to first sergeant, Simmons was transferred. We all liked our red headed platoon sergeant and hated to see him go, but we can't have two first sergeants on one ship.

The detachment basketball team's manager, Lieutenant Ash, secured matches with several of our neighboring basketball teams. Some of the games we played were as follows: Yard Draftsmen, Yard Dispensary, the Marine Barracks, the Bremerton Eagles, and Albany College of Portland, Oregon. Our team paid their own fare to Portland for that game, but all were glad they went because of the fine hospitality they received. The team spent the week-end in Portland and everyone had a good time. Our team met with very competent players in all the games, but our boys are in tip top shape and have made a fine showing. If we stay here in Washington much longer, we have hopes of playing quite a few more games.

In spite of the rainy weather we have been having, some of the boys have been going in for bicycle riding. Now physical culture teachers will tell you that cycling is good for your health, but I've seen some skinned and bruised faces lately and if

asked, a few would tell you that it isn't so healthy.

Christmas is almost here and everyone is looking through newspapers and catalogues for shopping ideas. Train and bus time tables are broken out, too, and more than one is planning a leave over the Christmas holidays, whether he gets it or not, including yours truly.

THE MARINE DETACHMENT, USS "IDAHO," pauses for a warm friendly chat with our **LEATHERNECK** readers.

While we have been absent from the pages of **THE LEATHERNECK** for many months, it will be our future policy to let our friends in on the latest scuttle-butt in and about camp.

The cohesion of officers and men, the constant cooperation in carrying out the daily work, and the fighting spirit which the "IDAHO" is famous for, makes duty an easy enjoyable chore. The numerous drills, quarters, and interchangeable battle-stations have drawn the entire ship's complement into a single unit of efficiency.

Any Marine who has been in the service for any length of time knows that the morale and efficiency of a man depends upon the confidence he has in his Commanding Officer. The "IDAHO'S" Commanding Officer, Captain E. C. Raguet, has given his crew that confidence and we are with him to the last man.

We also take this opportunity to say a word of praise to our ship's Executive Officer, Commander W. P. Davis. His firm, honest judgment and tolerant attitude have earned him a high place in the esteem and respect of this Guard.

It is with deep regret and a sense of loss to learn that our Commanding Officer, Major J. F. Shaw, will be transferred in the near future.

Lieutenants Fissel and Banning have been making great progress with new methods of holding school and instruction. Lieutenant Fissel has promised the boys a rigorous workout in future hikes and landing forces. We are looking forward to them, for he has promised to lead the way.



John W. Thomason



The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:

I do want to compliment you on the November issue, especially your article "Devil Dogs," a history I know well.

Then to my surprise and I have tried several times in the past twenty years to get a copy of Neil Hitt's "Capt. Jimmie Bones," which was in a small booklet form, when I was in the publicity department, then under Col. A. S. McLemore. And, this issue published it . . . nice work. In those days, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Lela Rogers, (Ginger Rogers' mother) and several of us inconspicuous writers dabbled along under the keen eye of Col. McLemore, who died many years ago at Mare Island.

It certainly brought back memories, and now to put that copy in my scrap book. Bloor Schleppy handled the stuff at Quantico those days—wonder where he is now?

Only wish I had a lot of sons to give to the Corps as there isn't a branch of the service to my way of thinking that can compare with the training and outlook it imbues in men.

Thanking you for this opportunity, I am,
Very truly yours,

JEAN ARNOLD.

Ed—Thanks for the cordial letter.

The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:

I would like to know if it is possible for a person who has had about a year and a half of drafting to transfer to an intelligence group, with drafting and map making in mind, at the expiration of their sea duty.

I would if possible like to transfer to a school where I could learn about drafting and map making in the military scene. I had one year of drafting in High School and the other half year in Junior College.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I remain,

Very truly yours,
W. H. WHILES.

Ed—The Marine Corps has such a school. Consult your First Sergeant for application and assignment to this school.

The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:

I am particularly anxious to find out, as soon as possible, if there is any organization composed of Ex-Marines such as the Legion or Vet. of Foreign Wars, etc.

Trusting you will give me what information you have regarding a Marine organization and thanking you, I am,

Very truly yours,
J. HALLOCK BUCK,

Ed—The address . . . Marine Corps League, Albany Garage Building, Albany, N. Y.



From the Editor's Desk

BROADCAST: Now, more than any other time, do the men of the Corps want to know of the activities of their buddies. This is only available to them through the pages of the broadcast section, and through the efforts of you Leatherneck correspondents.

Many times in the past we have called upon you men in behalf of your friends, and now we must do it again. Continue the splendid work on the broadcast pages, and bear with us in the printing of your material. From time to time it will be deleted in the best interest of the service. But it is our duty, and your duty, to continue to make The Leatherneck as interesting as possible to our readers.

AS YA WERE: We regret deeply the absence of this old-stand-by from the pages of The Leatherneck this month. Caught with a changing schedule and overtime, Patrick was not able to fulfill his obligation to his thousands of followers. He will be back on page 1 of the next issue.

BONUS PAY: The \$10 increase given to all men of the armed services having more than a year in service will continue, according to a decision handed down by the Comptroller General. The money had been frozen 6 December when this country moved from a "State of National Emergency" into a "State of War," and consequently only approximately two of the ten dollars will be paid on the 20th pay day. However, approximately eight dollars will be added to the pay of 5 January.

CLOTHING ISSUE: Effective 1 December individual clothing accounts of enlisted men of the Marine Corps were ordered discontinued. Hereafter clothing required by enlisted men of the Marine Corps will be issued only as required to properly and adequately clothe them for assigned duties and to replace normal losses and articles worn out in service.

Promotion List—Sergeants Major

ELIGIBLE LIST FOR PROMOTION TO SERGEANT MAJOR

1. Goble, Albert J., First Sergeant
2. Webber, James H., First Sergeant
3. Smith, Roland F., First Sergeant
4. Martz, Frank, First Sergeant
5. Kindig, Boyd B., First Sergeant
6. Payne, Paul W., First Sergeant
7. Butler, Ovid, First Sergeant
8. Weathers, John C., First Sergeant
9. Ward, John E., First Sergeant
10. Chaney, Winfree, First Sergeant
11. Krafft, Charles L., First Sergeant
12. Walters, Jack, First Sergeant
13. Seyler, William, First Sergeant
14. Armstrong, William H., First Sergeant (FMCR)
15. Russell, Warren S., First Sergeant
16. Rowold, Bernard M., First Sergeant
17. Catchim, Douglas S., First Sergeant
18. Hudson, Howard D., First Sergeant
19. Peskin, Michael, First Sergeant
20. Vitek, Joseph, First Sergeant
21. Lopardo, Nicolo F., First Sergeant
22. Burch, Joseph A., First Sergeant
23. Welsz, Mike, First Sergeant (FMCR)
24. Nall, Russell E., First Sergeant
25. Inferrera, Joseph A., First Sergeant
26. Gardner, George E., First Sergeant
27. Nash, George L., First Sergeant
28. Rubenstein, Louis, First Sergeant
29. Smith, Lester D., First Sergeant
30. Bryan, Harry E., First Sergeant
31. Garrie, Ralph, First Sergeant
32. Cruikshank, David E., First Sergeant
33. Quinn, Raymond B., First Sergeant
34. Sedlak, John J., First Sergeant
35. Peden, Joseph W., First Sergeant
36. Fleckner, Clyde O., First Sergeant
37. Bukowy, John J., First Sergeant
38. Cook, Arthur H., Sergeant Major (Retg)
39. O'Neal, Lawrence E., First Sergeant
40. Bissinger, Frederick M., First Sergeant
41. Smith, Merl S., First Sergeant
42. Arndt, Charles L., First Sergeant
43. Seider, Glenn O., First Sergeant
44. Mudd, Claud A., First Sergeant
45. Root, Roland F., First Sergeant
46. Kapanke, William H., First Sergeant
47. Sundhausen, Theodore H., First Sergeant
48. Campbell, Walter, First Sergeant
49. Hooper, Walter R., First Sergeant
50. White, Francis L., First Sergeant
51. Taylor, Don, First Sergeant
52. Swimme, Seneca X., First Sergeant
53. Kurner, John D., First Sergeant
54. Brannon, Clyde T., First Sergeant
55. White, William, First Sergeant
56. Tyson, Hoke S., First Sergeant
57. Simmons, Lionel E., First Sergeant
58. Hamilton, Douglas, First Sergeant
59. Vinson, Burney L., First Sergeant
60. Kirby, John, First Sergeant
61. Bond, Harland W., First Sergeant
62. Black, Malcolm, First Sergeant
63. Inglish, Joe A., First Sergeant
64. Reeves, William G., First Sergeant
65. Powell, Oscar A., First Sergeant
66. George, Edward, First Sergeant
67. Glaser, Carl H., First Sergeant
68. Hartel, Robert T., First Sergeant
69. Butler, Arville W., First Sergeant
70. Wordehof, Leonard E., First Sergeant
71. Mayer, Edward F., First Sergeant
72. Atkins, Leonard K., First Sergeant
73. Hurst, Juett A., First Sergeant
74. Sparks, William W., First Sergeant
75. Gaynor, Leon J., First Sergeant
76. Simmonds, Albert E., First Sergeant
77. Sweeney, Thomas F., First Sergeant
78. Eden, Augustus J., First Sergeant
79. Gardner, Joseph C., First Sergeant
80. Huey, James W., First Sergeant
81. Cook, Harold L., First Sergeant
82. Lamb, Charles T., First Sergeant
83. Klein, Charles, First Sergeant
84. Stothers, James J., First Sergeant
85. Carbaugh, Newton E., First Sergeant
86. Clark, Charles G., First Sergeant
87. McCloskey, Thomas P., First Sergeant
88. Hopper, Jack, First Sergeant
89. Townsend, William L. M., First Sergeant
90. Whisner, Leavitt C., First Sergeant
91. Martin, Francis J., First Sergeant
92. Villegas, Ernest D., First Sergeant
93. Bunch, James B., First Sergeant
94. Hearn, Benjamin F., Jr., First Sergeant
95. Knott, Michael C., First Sergeant
96. Nelson, Daniel H., First Sergeant
97. Thompson, Robert, Jr., First Sergeant
98. Harbrook, Michael T., First Sergeant
99. Oakes, George G., First Sergeant
100. Brandt, Lorenzo I., First Sergeant
101. Kessler, Arthur W., First Sergeant
102. Snyder, Cecil D., First Sergeant
103. Hudson, Joseph, First Sergeant
104. Goree, Elmer P., First Sergeant
105. Wood, William W., First Sergeant
106. Miller, Wayne K., First Sergeant
107. Smith, Harry E., First Sergeant
108. Hudson, Lucien N., First Sergeant
109. Stutz, John G., First Sergeant
110. Funk, Charles A., First Sergeant
111. Houston, James D., First Sergeant
112. Coppedge, Homer S., First Sergeant (Retg)
113. Morris, Wilbert F., First Sergeant
114. Buss, Lawrence H., First Sergeant
115. Acker, George K., First Sergeant
116. Hennessey, Edward C., First Sergeant
117. Tennant, Harvey W., First Sergeant
118. Noonan, Arthur J., First Sergeant
119. Muccinaccio, Patrick H., First Sergeant
120. Pottgether, Perez W., First Sergeant
121. Barton, Howard F., First Sergeant
122. Gebhart, Elwood E., First Sergeant
123. Johnston, Miles B., First Sergeant
124. Palmer, Thomas C., Jr., First Sergeant
125. Ercanbrack, Earl B., First Sergeant
126. Brezinski, Richard P., First Sergeant
127. Graham, Ray, First Sergeant
128. Lail, Creed G., First Sergeant
129. Krieger, Emil M., First Sergeant



John W. Thomason

CONVOY

(Continued from page 7)

most of the Jervis Bay's main bridge and part of Captain Fegan's right arm. Bawling for more speed from his engines, more fire from his guns, he clambered to the after bridge. Another salvo wrecked the Jervis Bay's steering gear.

She steamed straight ahead.

A stoker passing cordite up to one of the Britisher's forward guns was puzzled by the sudden silence above him. He went aloft to see what was the trouble. He found most of the men dead. The third salvo had carried away another forward gun. Another powder monkey later recalled how, after half an hour "my gun was hit directly. There was a terrible sound and the gun and its whole crew were blown completely off the ship."

With his forward guns out of action, his steering gear gone, Captain Fegan had a hard time maneuvering to use his after guns. But with the wind he managed it, and with the ship in flames, his shredded arm dangling, he set out, when his after bridge was shot out from under him, for what was left of the main bridge.

The Jervis Bay was settling fast by the bow. But only just before the hot muzzle of his last active gun hissed in the sea did Captain Fegan give the order to abandon ship. Sixty-eight men of 250 reached the one lifeboat and two rafts that remained floatable.

Captain Fegan was not among them.

Three of the men on the rafts died of their wounds. Their comrades buried them in the sea. After five hours a ship throbbed near through the night. They signaled it with torches. It was a Swedish freighter, one of the convoy coming back. "They did so well for us," explained Sven Olander, its captain, "I did not want to leave them there."

The total loss out of the 38 ships was four.

Fog is encountered, making impossible the zig-zag drills and the speed is cut down for a few hours. Ships in line have to follow the wake of the ship in front and sometimes

get lost. This is only one of the tribulations that come from the attempted organization of many merchant ships and is not so serious as the worry on the part of some captains and their crews that it might be safer to travel alone because of the shortage of escort vessels.

There is no truth in this conjecture, since the admiralty claims that in recent weeks some 69 out of 70 convoyed vessels have successfully reached their destination and it hopes to lower the ratio still further with more escort vessels, and airplanes of the Coastal Command.

But some who travel on some of the ships have seen the Germans shoot 10, 12 and more ships out of convoy, so rugged individualism reasserts itself from time to time, and the escort vessels sometimes even suspect that ships lost at night or in bad weather are merely glad of the excuse to stray from the convoy.

On their few nights in port the convoy men re-hash previous trips, and tell of the Jervis Bay, and the old English sea dog with his tramp steamer who decided that he would be safer alone.

Aided by a thick blanket of fog about half-way across, the old timer took his weather-beaten craft and veteran crew out of the convoy and took off for England by himself. Nearing the Irish coast, he was surprised by a submarine riding on the surface. As the sub's first shells started to scream over his bow, and his own gunner, a veteran of the first war started to reply, he dropped his smoke raft and scurried for safety as fast as his old scow would take him.

Driven far off his course due to the sub scare, he finally made port to discover that his gunner had disabled the sub in such a manner that she was unable to dive or proceed on the surface, and had been picked up by the destroyers going out to meet the convoy.

Decorated, and assigned to an inside position in his next convoy, the old warrior screamed, and demanded a position on the outside.

The foreign ships know these stories too, and a Norwegian Captain no doubt has them in mind when he says "Yes, the British are a cold lot, but they make the best allies in the world."



(British Library of Information)

The "sinews of war" go through under the protecting guns of an escorting warship.

A NIGHT AND A DAY

(Continued from page 9)

ard S. Russell, Jr.; Francis S. Dane, Jr.; Edward L. Moody; Stuart A. Paine; Finn Ronne, noted ski expert and dog-team driver; and Albert M. Eilifsen, another noted ski expert and dog-team driver. In the Tractor Department: E. J. Demas, in charge; Olin D. Stanciliff; Fred Dustin; Joseph Hill, Jr.; J. H. Vander Wall; and Bernard Fleming. In the Radio Department: Charles J. Murphy, in charge; Clay Bailey, the chief operator; A. J. Waite, Jr.; John N. Dyer, chief engineer; and Guy Hutchinson, engineer. In the Photographic Department: Photographer First Class Joseph A. Pelter, U. S. Navy; John L. Hermann and Carl O. Petersen, a cameraman and radio operator. In the Science Department: Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, chief in charge; E. H. Bramshall, physicist; Earle B. Perkins, biologist; William C. Haines, meteorologist; George Grimminger, assistant meteorologist; Dr. Charles Gill Morgan, geologist; Arthur A. Zuhn; Alton A. Lindsey, biologist; F. Alton Wade, geologist; Quinn A. Blackburn, surveyor; Richard B. Black, surveyor; Paul A. Siple, chief biologist; and Walter Lewisohn, Jr. In the Medical Department: James M. Starrett, pharmacist. In the Fuel Department: George O. Noville, executive officer and engineer; and Clarence A. Abele, assistant engineer. In the Commissary Department: Leroy Clark; and Corporal Alphonso Carbone, U. S. Marine Corps (now Technical Sergeant, Mess). The carpenters were: Edgar F. Cox; and Iver A. Tingleoff. Artist: Davis A. Paige. Navigator: Kenneth L. Rawson. Sailmaker: Linwood T. Miller. In charge of the Supplies: Stevenson Corey. Not one man "batted an eye" as he answered his name.

Even now nothing changed their minds; they all agreed to do the big task. How many of these explorers do we know personally? Some can say, a few; a majority of us know no one at all. The Marine Corps was represented in the Polar regions by Technical Sergeant (Mess) Alphonso Carbone.

It was like taking it on the chin—after all, duty is duty. I didn't mind it at all, neither did my wife. She got used to that, as every wife of a Marine knows, here today and gone tomorrow. Some of the members including myself were fortunate to have our families see us off, yet it seemed that the farewell was not only meant for these few, but for every member of the crew who were a part of one brave family sailing off to live in solitude, away from civilization. Perhaps each man had in mind one thought, "Was this the last time I'd see these noble shores?" No one knew; it was just a gambler's chance. After a final check-up was made, the ship was ready to clear port.

On this fine, sunny afternoon, 12 October, 1933, the Jacob Ruppert and the Bear of Oakland sailed away. The ships made a stop-over at Bayonne, N. J., where we took on last minute supplies of oil and gasoline, then bid the good United States farewell. After being out at sea one day, the Admiral received a dispatch from the U. S. Army at Panama requesting permission to have an expert aerialist join his expedition in order to do research work in parachute jumping. This permission was granted; several days later, upon our arrival at Panama, Bernard Skinner, U. S. Army, reported aboard, when we cleared port and set sail for the Galapagos. Here we stopped for a day, took on some fresh water fish, and departed for New Zealand.

At New Zealand, Dr. Potaka, a specialist in surgery, reported aboard ship for duty as the medical officer of the expedition. He was a full-blooded Maori tribesman and still in his early thirties. This man was the 56th member of the expedition. Our stay at New Zealand was short. We at-

tended a banquet and a dance given in our honor, then departed for the Antarctic Circle.

Our cruising speed was 9 knots. Throughout the entire trip each man had something to do. The Admiral and the navigator constantly plotted courses; the physicist took data on phenomenal observations; the parachutist dried and folded parachutes; the carpenters built a huge sled; the dog trainers fed their dogs; the biologists cast nets into the water and gathered species; and I had to feed them. I didn't mind them working, but they often came into the galley at various times of day looking for hand-outs.

We were out at sea about 18 days when for the first time I noticed an odd change. The night did not spread its cloak of calm and serenity over the atmosphere. On this day, the biologists caught several strange fish in their nets, one fish was of a transparent specie. On our arrival in the area of this long day, everyone was active and didn't appear to be tired or sleepy. After about 48 hours of such activity, we just couldn't fool the "Sandman," when we finally fell into the routine of rest and sleep, not minding daylight a least bit.

Though the Circle lies in 60° 30' South latitude, the polar conditions of the climate extended considerably north of this area. This Circle was divided into four quadrants; we chose to make our approach from the Australian quadrant. To reach the Antarctic continent, we had to voyage over at least 600 miles of practically oceanic depths and cross the roughest seas exposed to the fiercest winds in the world. Between 55° and 65° South latitude, there is no land to interfere with the west-to-east circulation of sea and air, and that zone is therefore the home of the permanent winds, the westerly drift, and the wandering albatross, all of which encircle the Antarctic ceaselessly. This area is known as the "screeching sixties."



We came upon the ice-pack and had to cut our speed down to two or three knots, at times to one knot. Our ice pilot stood in the bow of the ship and gave orders to the navigator. Our lives depended upon the pilot's skill in icemanship; we trusted him for he was an authority on the nature and activities of icebergs. Were we to get boxed in between two bergs, it would have spelled disaster. However, there was not much danger in getting boxed in as caution and maneuverability were constantly applied. Whenever pressure increased in the ice-pack area, this pressure caused the ship to rise out of the water; as a rift occurred in the ice-pack, the weight of the ship gradually forced it to descend, and the ship was ready to navigate under its own power. The belt of drifting pack-ice which rings the continent is made up of the ice from the summer break-up. It begins to form in sheltered bays as early as the end of January and by the beginning of March any ship is liable to be frozen in, unless its harbor is a windy one. From December onward, this frozen ice begins to break up and float northward. Each summer, after the break-up of the winter sea ice has allowed the full force of the ocean swells to reach the face of the barriers, large fragments are broken off, or "calved"; these fragments float northward until they reach warmer and stormier waters where they disintegrate.

Dr. G. C. Stimpson, an authority on weather, stated that the weather experienced on the outskirts of the continent is the result of the passage of pressure waves and the turbulent motion due to them. Such pressure distribution, together with the shape of the land, produce the most prominent feature of the Antarctic climate, excessively strong winds, which when accompanied by snow or thick drift, are known as blizzards. The windiest spots appeared to be on the coast near the circle itself. The frequency and

strength of these winds had the effect of preventing the formation close to the coast of permanent ice, which was continually being blown off shore, and also was responsible for the perilous drifts of ships.

After six days of nerve-sapping patience, the ice pilot brought us through the narrow ice-pack safely, where we entered the Bay of Whales. This Bay was so named after its only marine mammalia in the Antarctic. The whale is found in large numbers, where it frequents these seas to feed on the minute animals found here which in turn depend for their food upon diatoms, a typical marine plant of this region; though microscopic in size, the diatoms were so abundant that they discolored the sea ice.

There are three types of whales, viz., the rorqual, the humpback, and the huge blue whale which are now hunted in these seas by modern methods and the annual value of the production obtained far exceeds \$15,000,000. Until the rise of the whaling industry, the Antarctic can be said to have had no political significance, but since the beginning of the century, the territorial waters of the continent, if not the land itself, have acquired a



little value, and only the future will tell. Sometimes a whale blew between us and the ice then rolled lazily in the cold sea. The rorqual whale, known as the killer-whale, was yellow-bellied, vicious looking, about 25 feet long, would often swim along the side of the ship. We took pot shots at them. They are marine sharks and have jaws filled with teeth set far apart. From their backs rise high triangular fins which mark them from other whales. They are the great enemies of the big blue whales and the seals. At times, there must have been more than one hundred of them in sight.

The Bay was veiled with a weirdly mysterious mist. The mist was drawn aside as though a curtain had been parted and we could see the bay in reaching inland for miles. The most noticeable feature about the Antarctic is its unique isolation. The shimmer of the ice barrier glowed above the skyline beyond the Ross Sea. It rose from the sea, gray-white—one of the most magnificent sights in the world; majestic on a scale such as can hardly be impressed on the minds of little men—but against the far-flung horizon, it

was a mere dwarf. Were there a mountain with which to compare it, its enormous size would have been more impressive. Its frozen and silver silence sank deeply into my consciousness as I looked upon it to comprehend its immensity. Ramparts of ice towers, remnants of a berg which has been wrecked, were scattered throughout the sea.

Bird life on sea and land was fairly abundant, the most common were the skua gulls, snow petrels, and various kinds of penguin.

As we neared the barrier's seaward shelf, we were greeted by penguins who were friendly and stood amazed, wondering who their intruders were. A penguin has an unusually insatiable curiosity. It walks much like Charlie Chaplin with flippers outstretched to balance itself and head thrust forward. It is specially adapted for aquatic life, depending for food entirely on marine animals. The largest species is the emperor penguin, who inhabits the most southerly coast known on the edge of the Great Barrier, where it breeds at mid-winter. The social organization and habits of the various species of penguin have been carefully studied, and show that these birds have reached a stage of what might almost be called "civilization" worthy of the most intelligent beings native to their continent. Penguins inhabit all zones of the region, but their blubber-coated skins do not possess a marketable value. A species of seals was also seen which live through the winter by keeping open blow-holes in the sea air. The seals too, not being of the fur-bearing kind, were more or less immune from human exploitation.

As the ships approached the ice shelf, two whale boats were lowered over the side bearing a part of the crew detailed to dig moorings. This detail dug pits about six feet deep and two feet wide, into which they dropped "dead men," or buoys which had rings at their upper ends. As soon as the buoys were set in place, hawzers ran through these rings, and in this manner, the ships were anchored to the ice. The two ski experts with the Admiral went over the side of the ship, took some equipment with them and went off on an investigating party to Little America, some 10 miles inland. The executive officer, George O. Noville, was appointed as the man in charge during the absence of the Admiral. The ski experts were trail blazers and staked

off a route to Little America, our Base.

The floor of the bay ice ended in the dark waters of the Bay, and after I set foot on the ice, I looked back at our little ships. There were two stubby, little ships outlined sharply in the clear air breathing soot over the immaculateness of this lonely land. We wore face masks to protect our lungs from this sharp, cold air, and dark, smoked glasses, as the light was too intense, yet as I looked around, the ice crystals on the surface glowed like opals. It was so still that I could hear a pin drop.

As soon as the Admiral departed, all hands started to move stores and equipment off the ships onto the barrier. The huge sled was lowered over the side, weighing at least two tons, upon which supplies were hauled to a designated area. Because of its bulkiness, the first haul off the ship consisted of 10 bales of hay and four drums of gasoline; this was towed away by one of our tractors. As the sled was emptied, it brought the working party back to the ship for more supplies. Here we had our first mishap. Because the swells were so great, there was a constant breaking off of the edge of the ice shelf. The area chosen as our temporary storage point weakened, and cracked open. Luckily, we only lost the first load. The crew was recalled immediately; took aboard the tractor, sled, and ice anchors. The ships departed and sailed along the coast when, finding a much safer area for unloading, we anchored and resumed our assignment.



It took us two days to unload the ship. By that time, the Admiral returned with the reconnaissance party. We all bid the members of the ship's crew farewell for the ships had to return to New Zealand before the ice-pack started freezing and before the long night set in. We watched the ships drift slowly away from the edge of the ice where we stood in the biting wind, clothed in all types of nondescript garments such as furs, overalls, and windproof clothes. From now on we would be on our own until tomorrow, one year later. During our rest period, we slept in sleeping bags and tents. These bags were cozy though a bit uncomfortable as we slept in them with our clothes on. However, we later learned that sleeping in them was a great deal better than in the molehills in the snow. Though hauling was meticulous, all worked cheerfully until the supplies and equipment reached our base, Little America, our new home for the next fourteen months.

The Base had to be built strong and secure; arrangements were made to construct it in the shape of an octopus. Stores were set on ice in two rows and aligned in such a manner that there was sufficient clearance between the aisles of food. The galley was centered and connected to these food tunnels and subterranean laboratories by passageways. We used tarpaulin to cover the entire Camp, then ice blocks were sawed into squares and packed around all structures. Eventually, with the help of Mother Nature, when the blizzards came out to play, they "snowed" us under. This camp was an exceptionally secure place to live in, and the construction could not be rivaled by any living man.

When Byrd's First Antarctic Expedition was made back in 1928, it camped on this site. Upon our arrival here, the forsaken galley was found in an awful mess. There was quite a bit of work to do which had to be taken care of right away. Since the men had to be fed—the galley had to be shipshape. After the galley was cleaned, a part of our first supper at Little America was ham, left over since '28, which was heated and served. Because they worked hard storing away food and pitching camp, I'm not so sure whether it was the ham that was delicious or the appetite that won its fancy. All in all, I enjoyed eating it too.

The Admiral made ready to take supplies and equipment to his Advance Base. A sufficient food supply was prepared which had to last him for at least six months. With three tractors and their crew of drivers, mechanics, and radiomen, the detail departed to Marie Byrd Land.

Before night set in, members of the party volunteered to go on a hunting trip for seals. They were plentiful here. All we had to do was to knock them on the head with a brickbat. We felt ashamed to hunt in this manner; though it was not sportsmanlike, the dogs craved a taste of fresh meat.

After the Admiral established himself at the Advance Base, and before the night set in, the three tractors and their crews returned to the Base.

The majority of the crew spend at least 12 of a 24 hour period in the galley. It was rather difficult to keep the galley in order. Outlets, or ventilators, were built in the roof of the galley protruding at least five feet above the surface of the snow. These ventilators had to be cleaned at least once a day, else ice and snow would form at the vents and clog them up. The chimney gave me its share of trouble. Soot rose and clung to the inside of the chimney, around which ice formed and greatly impeded the circulation and escape of smoke. On windy days, usually every day, this chimney was blown off the roof. Chasing the chimney and climbing the roof kept my waistline down.

While in Antarctica, we ate five times a day. We had breakfast at 7:00 a.m.; an ob at 10:00 a.m.; lunch at 1:00 p.m.; another ob at 3:00 p.m.; and then dinner at 6:00 p.m. An ob is just another word for a snack, tea, tiffin, or whatever you want to call it. These obs were more than a snack for they were always hungry. After dinner the icebox remained open for these "chow-hounds."

I had to make up all the menus which was quite troublesome, but it didn't take me long to get over it. All work in the galley had to be planned three days ahead of time. Before canned goods, meats, or vegetables could be used, they had to be kept in the galley for 72 hours in which time heat thawed them out. Meats had to be cut with a circular saw. Eggs and potatoes could never be thawed out. In preparing to serve eggs, water had to reach its boiling point. Frozen eggs, when immersed in this water, would reduce its temperature considerably. A constant application of fuel rose the temperature of the water a second time. These eggs, when boiled five minutes longer, could be served poached. Baked apples gave me no trouble at all. Frozen apples were placed in pans and kept on the stove all night; by morning they would be ready to eat; although all night long I did sleep with one eye on the apples to keep the men from eating them up.

Occasionally we had penguin, but at least once a week, seal meat. The emperor penguin, though weighing 50 to 60 pounds, produced not more than 4 pounds of eatable breast meat. The members of the party voted to scratch penguin off the menu after the novelty wore off.

Seal meat tasted like tenderloin steak if it was done right. First, it had to be skinned, the blubber removed, then cut up into steaks and soaked in salt water for at least twenty-four hours. Salt water drew out all the blood, and at the same time removed the fishy smell. Then it was cut into steaks, fried in bacon grease and smothered in onions.

The real trouble came after dinner when there were so many pots and pans to clean. Two men were detailed each day for that task regardless of rank or age. They were called "pearl divers."

I can say one sure thing about this galley: It's the first time I've been in a galley which has never seen a cockroach.

We never had trouble in obtaining clothes. The Marine
(Please turn page)

Corps distribution system was used. Whenever a man saw that his clothes were not serviceable, he put them aside and requisitioned others which were issued once a month. The supply was well-stocked and could last the expedition at least two years. Toilet articles, a carton of cigarettes, and a one pound of tobacco were rationed once a week per man. He who did not smoke could get his share exchanged for candy. That was the only place I know of where tobacco always remained fresh.

We had fresh milk every morning as three Guernsey cows were brought along with the expedition. The stable was situated in the far end of the tunnel. It was well heated and had a temperature ranging from 70° to 80° Fahrenheit. Whenever we looked for someone, we found him fast asleep in the hay loft.

We had a strong desire to drink cold water or eat anything that was cold. During my stay in the polar regions, I must've consumed enough ice and snow to pack a good-sized ice house.

The dog trainers looked after the eskimo dogs. After a day's work was done, or upon completing a trip, the dogs remained up topside, in the open, where they were chained individually six feet apart which prevented fighting amongst themselves. Each dog received a pound and a half of seal meat and a bit of blubber every day. The dog team consisted of nine dogs, one leader and nine followers. Though there were no signs of land animal life in the Antartica, the eskimo dogs bore several litters of pups.

Now the long night has set in.

The scientists seemed at home in the South Pole and enjoyed working in their laboratories for hours at a time without ever thinking of sleep. The dog drivers hung around the galley smoking their pipes and stoking the stove with soft coal. The skiers were carving out uprights for another sled.

Water percolated through the deck, dripped from the skylight, dripped down the walls, and even fell on our noses.

By this time, we knew every inch of our camp, every blemish on our tunnels. We could find our way through them without lights. The dim light of the houses, bright under the lamp, but shaded in the corners, was our normal illumination. Mole-like, we almost learned to see in the dark.

Under these unfavorable conditions, Dr. Potaka performed an emergency operation, a case which may be placed in the history of medicine as the most spectacular one ever performed in the land of Ice Gods. His patient was Photographer First Class Joseph A. Pelter, U. S. Navy. By the way, Pelter is now Chief Photographer at the Naval Air Station, Pinescola, Florida. Pelter was stricken with an acute appendectomy. The operation lasted almost three hours; after being a bed patient for a few months, he pulled through with flying colors.

Formality was dispensed with; we even called each other by our first name. I wasn't the only one to feel the effects of our confinement during this period, and darkness, for one of the strongest men in Camp stayed in his bunk for hours at a time, only rising to eat or to get another book from the library. He did not sleep at night, and his eyes were sunken and dark.

We had a big library and the privilege of private tutoring by some of the most learned people in the United States, who were willing to assist us if we so desired.

The Admiral's representative, Norville, gave me a 72 hour leave of absence which automatically relieved me from the galley. I helped Pelter develop and print pictures in his photo laboratory all that while. Lt. Commander Schlossback, U. S. Navy, retired, took my place as cook; he seemed to be disgusted with cooking, and became highly spirited when I returned to work. He had flour all over the galley and soot in the pies.

We took a bath once a month. A tank was filled with snow, and coils leading from a coal-heated stove ran through the tank. In this way the bather could make his water just as hot as he desired.

A physical examination was held once a month. The doctor examined us especially for scurvy and the beri-beri. Our camp was a 100% Health Camp, and records showed that each man gained from 25 to 40 pounds.

Movies were shown in the galley each night after dinner. During the movies, the galley was called the Paramount Penguin Theatre. One night the temperature was so low that the film became brittle and started to crack up as it was placed in the machine. After heating it over the stove, the film was in condition to be shown. One of our favorite films was "Forty-Second Street."

The only way we knew one calendar day from another was by means of clocks, a daily check-off on the calendar which hung in the galley, and a radio schedule with the outside world. Through the courtesy of the Columbia Broadcasting System, we were on the air every Wednesday at 3:00 p.m. (10:00 p.m., E.S.T.). On one program sponsored by the Grapenuts Company, I was featured on a program with our guest artist, Mr. Oscar Black. We discussed on the art of cuisine. Mr. Black was chief cook of the Waldorf Astoria, New York City. During the radio programs we were called the "Knights of the Gray Underwear" who played mouth organs. On one program I challenged any member in the U. S. Navy to a harmonica contest. Several weeks later, my challenge was accepted by some sailor in the Asiatic Fleet, and a definite date was set for this contest. As I had to be in the best of condition, there was quite a lot of music in the galley. After two workouts, the members of the party suggested that I do my playing up topside as the music turned the milk sour. There was nothing I could do but comply with their suggestion.



With my mouth organ and a swagger stick, used for a baton, I spent at least two hours in the open. The air was intensely cold and the winds were piercing. While playing the mouth organ, the music seemed rather squeaky; ice cubes formed on the mouth organ just as fast as I played, and so badly, that I had to use the swagger stick to knock off the ice cubes. Finally, the night of the contest was on hand, and this was the set-up: A Marine Colonel, a Navy Commander, and an Army Colonel were selected as judges. The prize for the winner of the contest was twenty dollars. The sailor showed his wares first. He played very well. But I just couldn't let a sailor beat me; it would be against the tradition of the Corps. So on the air did I go to do my best. Well, the contest was over and the judges were busy deciding which one of us was the best player. The Marine Colonel voted for me whereas the Navy Commander voted for the sailor. This brought the contest to a deadlock. Now the Army colonel spoke his piece, and said: "Seeing that I have no contestant in this race, I call it a draw because they were both lousy."

The Columbia Broadcasting System and the Mackay Radio Corporation realized the predicament we were in concerning mail from home and decided to remedy this trouble. They authorized us to send messages to our families by wireless, free of charge, and in return, our families had to address our mail in care of the broadcasting company at New York City, from where, every Sunday afternoon, it would be relayed to us over the whole network. The scheme was alright, and news from home was inviting, though several million people helped us read our mail.

While living "down under," Pelter and I received word that blessed events took place in our homes. Without losing

(Please turn page)

time, the carpenter built a crib, the sailmaker sewed both of us a rag doll and we all drank a toast to the little tots' health. A few weeks later, when the C.B.S. learned that my wife received permission from the Admiral's wife to name our little girl Marie Byrd, they installed a transmitter in our home from where I conversed with my wife; I even heard my little daughter's voice.

One night the radioman intercepted a message to Little America from Governor Metcalf, of Nebraska. He was glad to have word reach the members of the Antarctic Expedition, wished us success, and announced that we were honorably commissioned as Admirals in the Nebraska Navy.

In the still of night, sharp, distinct, thunderous noises followed by the quake of the camp, roused us out of the "Land of Slumber." We were told to stand by and be ready to move off if circumstances warranted us to do so. The scientists, upon investigating these disturbances, returned to camp and reported that though the ice cracked open about 1,000 yards away from our camp, our lives were not endangered by such an activity.

The scientists made constant short trips to find specimens and to observe the strange activities of the Barrier during the long night. I went on several trips and on one occasion have seen three moons. The meteorologist's attention was called to this rare phenomenon. He told me that it was an optical illusion, as the other two moons seen by me reflected off the ice.

One of the meteorologists set out with the tractor driver and a mechanic on a trip in the vicinity of the Advance Base where he could observe a meteor shower which was due to appear on the Southern skies the latter part of June. This party followed the trail made by the skiers. They travelled slowly and cautiously for fear lest they ride over lately developed blind crevasses, roofed over by newly formed snow which bridged the crevasses and froze over. Upon completion of their observations, they dispatched to us by radio that they would stop over at the Advance Base. Here the Admiral was found in a rather weak condition. They remained with him until he regained strength and was able to ride back with the tractor party.

After that long drawn out night, light began to appear over the horizon for very short periods which warned us that day was breaking. Each twenty-four hour period told us that light wanted to play a little longer, until two and a half months hence when broad daylight came to stay for another six long months.

The Admiral returned to Little America and after recuperating, took over the responsibilities as the leader of the party. As soon as work was resumed in the spring, each member became more vigorous and gained weight.

Blizzards appeared just as fast as they disappeared without the usual meteorological forewarnings. At one time, a trip was proposed to make an aerial survey of the outlying areas. The pilots and their assistants went out to make ready for this hop. Though special oil was used in the engines, the engines had to be warmed up for at least two hours. Meanwhile, the meteorologists busied themselves in taking upper air soundings. Such data was essential to both the weathermen, and especially the pilots, who studied the most favorable flying conditions, wind velocities, directions, and suitable altitudes. Before the engines were completely warmed, a blizzard "fell in" and stayed with us for fourteen hours. At once the plane was secured, the trip cancelled, and not until two weeks later did the members of the flying crew complete their mission.

There is an unwritten law in both Polar regions that no matter how close one was from camp, when a blizzard occurred, it was best to dig in and wait for the blizzard to blow over.

Skinner, the parachutist, experimented in 'chuting down

to earth from various heights. During the entire expedition, he made at least thirty jumps. These were made from 5,000 to 10,000 foot altitudes. He always wore two 'chutes while making his hop; one type was the chest pack and another, the seat type, although he only used the seat type in coming down for a landing.

We had two mishaps with our planes. In one of the mishaps, the autogiro pilot fractured his left arm. This fracture healed very slowly.

Skiing was one of the essentials in the Antarctic regions. Everytime I went out to ski, the whole gang turned out to see the show. Anyway, after nearly breaking my neck several times, and taking a great deal of hard knocks and bumps, I finally managed to stand up on a pair of skis.

The geologists and physicist, during the long day, made a few trips to the mountain range some 30 or 40 miles distant, and brought back specimens of various mineral deposits.

On one of the aerial surveys, I flew along the mountain range where the Queen Maude, the Rockefeller, and the Edsel Ford mountain were pointed out to me. These mountains, so say the scientists, are inactive volcanoes. Ice buried all of the land except the vertical cliffs which were islands of bare rock and known as "nunatahs." These islands stood above the snow fields, the rocky debris of glaciers, and the areas of volcanic formation. Antarctica is an elevated continent having gigantic mountain ranges rivaling the Himalayas in size. The continent is in a grip of an ice age, more rigorous than that which left its mark upon Europe and North America. Of the least known is the ice-cap, whose lateral dimensions are those of the continent itself. It supplies the myriad glaciers which fringe along the coast, or in ice-worn valleys, but more often a continuous glacier-front that sends green tongues into the sea for hundreds of miles.

The hand of Nature posted a sentinel for the Barrier in the form of an active volcano whose hidden fires sometime glowed at night. This sentinel, the Erebus, constantly hissed and grumbled; it stood majestically in the distance and emitted a plume of steam from its mouth as though panting after a hard day's work was done. We knew it had internal disorders as sputum in the shape of newly formed islands was evidenced at its feet.

Though no direct measurement of the ice has been made, the scientists have estimated that the sheet is more than 2,000 feet thick which gradually becomes thinner in the basins, and shapes itself to the mould of the underlying ground.

Rain is not known in the Antarctic. At Little America the lowest temperature recorded was 79° Fahrenheit below zero, whereas at Marie Byrd Land, the thermograph registered temperatures considerably lower. Though the temperature rose slightly above freezing in the summer months, neither a single permanent human inhabitant nor a land animal larger than an insect lived there. There are no trees and but very few plants.

About the latter part of January, we sighted our ships in the Bay; indeed, a sight for sore eyes. The Jacob Ruppert, before leaving New Zealand, picked up a passenger, Mr. Anderson, a United States Postal Inspector, who made a special trip via some whaling ship to postmark all our outgoing mail. He brought along with him several bags of mail that has waited for us well over a year in New Zealand. We broke camp at once, packed everything on the ice sled, and kept the tractors busy until our arrival aboard the ships. Just enough food was brought back to carry us through to the States; the remainder was left behind at Little America. Who knows, perhaps some day we may return there and enjoy eating it as we did our first meal at the Base. After everything and everyone got aboard, we left the Ices highly spirited.

In my estimation, the best sight I've enjoyed watching was the ice barrier which grew smaller and smaller as we sailed off for home. As I stood on the poop deck for hours every day, the barrier appeared to be gradually melting away. Then one day, when I came up topside, the barrier was gone. It felt so good to realize that we were again approaching civilization for the Albatross and various sea birds were occasionally seen.

For the benefit of the biologists, we stopped at Easter Island, the Galapagos, the St. Charles Island and the Isabel Island. Thence we sailed to Panama, Quantico, Va., and Washington, D. C.

Again one fine, sunny May afternoon in 1935, we steamed into Boston harbor. Small craft swarmed all around us. The piers were flocked with people who came out to greet us, waving banners and cheering as both ships were docked. They came out to see the crew of 56 men who have risked their lives for "a night and a day" in the forbidden rendezvous of Mother Nature, where the energies of mankind

gradually seeped out of a venous wound of existence, where Fate kept them at her mercy. Yes, these daunt and daring men have withstood all hardships for the sake of conquering and exploring new lands, for the benefit of advancing science and mankind. These men brought back tales of experiences so deeply carved in their temporal existence which will haunt them everlastingly unto their graves.

Technical Sergeant Carbone has the distinction of being the only enlisted marine with this expedition. He was decorated with the Navy Cross "for distinguished service in the line of his profession with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II, 1933-1935. Through his efficient and conscientious performance of duty, he contributed greatly to the success of the Expedition." By a Special Act of Congress of June 2, 1936, he was awarded a silver medal "for being a member with the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35, and as an expression of appreciation of Congress and the American people for their heroic and undaunted accomplishments in the advancement of science in polar exploration."



BOMBER COMMAND

(Continued from page 17)

is our largest bomber. It has a wing span of 99 feet, a length of 87 feet 3 inches, and a height of 22 feet 9 inches. Its defensive armament is very heavy. No further details of this aircraft and no details of the Halifax or Manchester can as yet be made public.

With these new aircraft at its disposal Bomber Command has a much greater striking range and, what is even more important, can deliver on the nearer targets a much heavier attack, aircraft for aircraft, bomb load for bomb load, than at the beginning of the war. It must be remembered that all the new American types are not at present in use by Bomber Command. Consolidated Liberators, Douglas Bostons and Havocs, Glenn Martin Marylands, Lockheed Hudsons, all of them American aircraft of high performance, have so far been allotted to other Commands of the Royal Air Force where they are proving their worth.

The Governments of Great Britain and France adopted as a basis of their operations the rules for aerial warfare drawn up at The Hague in 1923, even though they had never been ratified. These rules attempted to provide a definition of what does constitute a military target, which may be suitable subject to air bombardment, and what does not. According to this definition military targets include, among others, "military forces' works, establishments or depots, factories constituting important and well-known centres engaged in the manufacture of arms, munitions or distinctively military supplies; lines of communication or transportation used for military purposes."

It was, of course, realized that it would certainly be necessary, at some determined moment, to attack legitimate vital targets wherever they were situated. The rules drawn up seventeen years before at The Hague, while they did not provide an altogether complete or satisfactory definition of military objectives, proceeded on the generally accepted basis that in the condition of modern warfare targets directly concerned with the prosecution of the war might

legitimately be attacked. Considerations of humanity therefore could not constitute a legitimate reason for never attacking land targets.

Though not nearly so large as it was in the war of 1914-1918, the German Navy was, nevertheless, a powerful weapon. It could raid our vital seaborne trade; it could do great damage, even though it was in no position, in view of its numerical inferiority, to fight a general fleet action. If it could be attacked, disabled or even destroyed from the air, a menace would be removed. This consideration was of paramount importance to an island race, dependent for so much of its supplies and food on seaborne traffic.

This narrative is concerned only with the operations of Bomber Command and not with those of the Middle East or Coastal Commands. It can be conveniently divided into ten parts: the attacks on the German Fleet and seaplane bases at Borkum and Sylt, the "leaflet raids," the operations in Norway during and after the German occupation of that country, the operations over Belgium, Holland and France up to 16th June, 1940, when all aircraft of Bomber Command left that country on its collapse, the raids on military objectives in Italy, the bombing of the invasion ports, the laying of mines from the air, the attack on German shipping in the North Sea and the Channel, the Battle of the Atlantic, and the attack on German military, naval and industrial targets.

The classification has been made, so to speak, on a subject, not on a time basis; for it must not be supposed that Bomber Command ceased one operation in order to begin another. They were often simultaneous. Objectives both in Italy and Germany have been attacked on the same night. Leaflets and bombs have fallen together.

Our knowledge moreover, is not yet complete. It will, for example, have to be supplemented by the Germans when the war is over, especially in regard to the amount of damage inflicted. At present, this can only be assessed from the evidence of the crews taking part in the operations, from photographs, and from Intelligence sources.

(Article and photos courtesy His Britannic Majesty's Stationery Office and Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York.)

THE GAZETTE

REGULARS

Commissioned and Warrant—November 30 1,918
Enlisted—November 30 49,649

RESERVES ON ACTIVE DUTY

Commissioned and Warrant—November 30 1,897
Enlisted—November 30 12,404

RETIRED ON ACTIVE DUTY

Commissioned and Warrant—November 30 165
Enlisted—November 30 7

AGGREGATE

Commissioned and Warrant—November 30 3,980
Enlisted—November 30 62,060

Total Strength Marine Corps—Nov. 30 66,040

THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, Commandant of the Marine Corps.
Brig. Gen. Edward A. Osterman, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Russel B. Putnam, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in grade and due for promotion to grades indicated as of December 4, 1941:

Maj. Gen. H. M. Smith	Maj. Gen. H. M. Smith
Brig. Gen. R. S. Geiger	Brig. Gen. R. S. Geiger
Col. L. E. Woods	Col. F. A. Hart
1st Lt. Col. Gordon Hall	1st Lt. Col. R. D. Leach
Maj. R. T. Carlson	Maj. F. H. Wirsig
Capt. O. K. LaRoque, Jr.	Capt. R. E. Honsowets
1st Lt. J. W. Burkhardt	1st Lt. J. W. Burkhardt

Officers recommended for promotion to Colonel:

Ery Milton Spencer	Omar Titus Pfeiffer
William Newton Best	Lewis Griffith Merritt
William A. Worton	Claude Arthur Larkin
John W. Thompson, Jr.	Shaler Ladd
John T. Walker	William P. T. Hill
Oliver Prince Smith	William Edward Riley
Henry Dallas Linscott	Ray Albert Robinson
William Tardy Clement	David Rowan Nimmer
Evans Orchard Ames	Victor F. Bleasdale
Maurice Clinton Gregory	Merwin H. Silvertown
Andrew Elliott Creegy	AS FITTED
Merritt Barton Curtis	William McN. Marshall
Charles N. Muldrow	Clyde Hill Metcalf
Joseph Thomas Smith	Walter T. H. Galliford

Officers recommended for promotion to Lieutenant Colonel:

John K. Martenstein	Francis M. Wulbern
Frederick C. Biebusch	Edwin Allen Pollock
Donald Spicer	Randolph McCall Pate
Frank Percival Snow	Lucian Cary Whitaker
Walter Wm. Wensinger	Raymond Paul Coffman
L. H. M. Sanderson	James M. McHugh
Jacob Frank Plachta	Rupert Riley Deese
Harold Ellett Roserans	James Profit Rieseley
Leo Sullivan	Harry E. Dunkelberger
Hayne Davis Boyden	Clayton C. Jerome
Franklin G. Cowie	George Joseph Oshea
Christian F. Schilt	Charles C. Brown
Water A. Wachtler	Eugene Hayden Price
William E. Maxwell	William M. Mitchell
Clarence R. Wallace	James Austin Stuart
Ronald Aubrey Boone	William Willard Orr
William Baynard Onley	Gregon Albert Williams
James H. Strother	Monroe S. Swanson
Ivan W. Miller	William W. Paca
Joe Nelson Smith	Richard M. Cutts, Jr.
Louis E. Marie, Jr.	Frank Doudet Weir
James Stanley Monahan	Merlin F. Schneider
John Albert Bemis	George F. Good, Jr.
John C. McQueen	Merrill Barber Twining
Howard N. Kenyon	AS FITTED
William W. Davies	Richard H. Schubert
Vernon Edgar Megee	Samuel Wesley Freeny
Augustus W. Cockrell	John Kaluf
James M. Smith	Albert William Paul
Ernest Edward Linsert	George D. R. Hamilton
Orin Hubert Wheeler	Melvin Ellis Fuller
William Oscar Brice	Augustus Harry Fricke

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

Worth, Felix John, Jr.
Swain, Charles LeRoy
Schmidt, Curtis M.
Chapman, Gordon Lee
Birt, Robert Lee, Jr.
Anderson, Andrew
Davis, Raymond
Amos, Ernest Newton
Smith, Wilson Solomon
Phillips, John Jay
Gworek, John Valerian
D'Avanzo, Dante F.
Green, Gordon

Oldham, James M.
Jansen, Ray Lee
Creitz, Richard Lyle
Wolf, Anton Frank
Wilburn, Richmond W.
Wells, Otto Bable
Estes, Lloyd Gerald
Pinuk, George Louis
Diamond, Wendell P.
Allen, Arnold Vern
Bowers, Jasper Lacy
Stepanof, Charles A.
Haney, St. Elmo M.
Thornton, Anthony
Pauly, Irving Earl
LeBlanc, Ernest A.
Zimmerman, Albert G.
Smith, Charles W.
Griffin, "J" "W"
Roland, Quincy M.
Fenton, Thomas C.
Barringer, Edward J.
Jazdyk, Stanley J.
Lippert, Russell W.
Cramer, Leonard
Moore, Leslie Vernon
Harris, William Brook
Schneider, Mathias W.
Buck, Henry Martin
Kelly, Arthur James
Zincavage, Edward J.
Shirley, Artis
Pearson, Gaynor
Galarzewski, Anthony J.
Philpot, Fred Russell
Choate, John Emmett
Hale, Ellsworth Claude
Bird, William Wilburn
Brown, Victor Francis
Driscoll, Richard G.
Duval, Henry Edward
Campbell, Kenneth H.
Stacy, John Paul
Davis, Fred
Willers, George Henry
Fowler, Obert
Sessions, Clevie
Schubert, Mathew E.
Froman, Hugo Harvey
Smith, James Alfred
Criswell, Charles F.
Balbaugh, Walter E.
Scott, Proctor Allen
Groth, Bernard Cecil
Curtis, John Edward
Harris, Edwin Charles
Currier, Norman Little
Williamson, Harold P.
Lamb, Everett Virginia
Polley, Dick Theodore
Thompson, Daniel W.
Shaker, Richard
Frucchi, Lawrence
Duty, John Ezra
Mauldin, Walter E.
Lewis, Cedric Earl
Love, Richard E., Jr.
Fox, Roy Lee
Walter, Dixon H.
Powell, Lewis Edward
Shafer, Maurice
Gzelinski, Stephen John
Reeves, William Grant
Atkins, Leonard K.
Orvis, Byron Eugene
Petras, Theodore A.
Barker, George
Holcombe, Paul John
Fernandez, John F.
Myers, Kenneth Dean
Williams, Leslie Earle
Justus, Leslie Dean
Beavers, Ernesto R.
Arnold, Dorn Ellis
Lasater, Orval Boyd
Stefonick, Joseph S.
Lamb, Roy Albert
Rice, Elza Lee
Sewell, Charles R.
Yanovitch, William J.
Baker, Richard Joseph
Courtney, James R.
Ferguson, Guy Holmes
Montgomery, Archie W.
Clements, William E.
Deason, Alvin Jefferson
Coahran, Wm. H., Jr.
Sawyer, George P., Jr.
Schroeder, Jean Miles
Wortman, Johnnie S.
Clayton, George W.
Posega, John Jr.
Orms, Robert Other
Balla, Joseph
Friedl, Alva Clemence
Wester, William Cecil
Tucker, Nathan Hale
Marshall, Robert C.
Erickson, Arthur V.
Rankin, William E.
Burleson, Good
Perry, Samuel Jackson
Schmidtman, Robert E.
Brunson, Aubie W.
Hale, Arthur Maxwell

Fetter, Milo Ralph
Hanger, William Bell
Cockrum, James E.
Stickney, Charles R.
Van Rhee, Peter Paul
Austin, Elliott William
Babyak, Joseph John
Rice, William Sterling
Burrows, Leslie James
Dyhr, Otto Johansen
Abrams, George Henry
Russell, Raymond J.
Carbone, Alphonso
Horthus, Herbert A.
Smith, Hector
Fesselmeier, Melvin H.
Wilkins, Edgar Earl
Hillman, Guy Wayne
Ostrom, Carl Otto
Tabor, Guy Frank
Nilson, Edwin Nils
Krieger, Conrad
Buster, Ivan Leroy
Cromwell, John Charles
Bracewell, Luther F.
Raynes, Luther Van
Corbett, Herman G.
Williams, Leo Hiram
Pointer, Albert LeRoy
Willett, William Archie
Zlamal, Albert Joseph
Heidt, Frank James
Logan, John Joseph
Burnett, George Fred
Edmonds, James Wm.
Miller, Vance "J"
Burton, William A.
Morse, Ralph G., Jr.
Moore, Woodford T.
Johnson, Alvin E.
Livingston, Ralph
Hansen, Carl Robert
Darr, Buford Francis
Haslock, Harold R.
White, Herbert S.
Baldinus, Lawrence
Wilson, Jerry Errett
Schwartz, Kenneth I.
Schutte, Robert C.
Barnes, Lewis Spiares
Fountain, James Lewis
Schultz, L. John, Jr.
White, William Lee
Barth, Adam Joseph
Odom, E. Herbert
Fasano, Theodore
Bush, Curtis William
Farrar, Donald Jean
Telekas, S. George
Rominger, H. Willis
Posey, Wm. Howell, Jr.
Wingfield, Gar Angus
Cox, James William
Cory, John William
Lochman, W. Frederick
Michael, H. John
Jenkins, C. Hundley
Fowell, Roy Marvin
Heinrich, Fred John
Bedwell, Wm. Thomas
Kyer, Lawrence "O"
Priddy, T. Norman
Kludt, Otto
Daniel, Eddie Lee
Krall, Henry
Smith, Marion Edward
Pittman, Lloyd Andrew
Vaughn, David Clark
Smith, Charlie Grover
Morrison, G. Feamster
Kelley, Lee Sawyer
Andrew, G. Parker
Dearfield, David Wiley
Bartoszewicz, F. James
Welch, Paul Lawrence
Bucklin, Linton Biard
Haines, Clinton Francis
Owen, Jack
Coyne, Michael
Clark, Charles Roy
Tanner, John Howard
Decker, Shirley Hazen
Reynolds, Charles
Kosner, R. Elliott
Garten, Charles Clyde
Cullis, Natal Joseph
Hanrahan, F. Michael
Bukowy, John Joseph
Graddick, Russel
Patterson, Geo. Aylmer
Scott, J. Winfield, Jr.
Armentrout, W. P.
Mestdager, Camille
Hunter, D. Andrew
Kosner, R. Elliott
Christian, H. Peyton
Brandt, Lorenzo Isaac
Harr, Paul Loyd
Hurlbut, Ralph Joseph
Krohn, L. Joseph
Flesher, H. Rexal, Jr.
McLane, Donald Cecil
Kinsey, Cecil Ercell
Belon, Maro Ceade
Schneeman, R. Edward

Stewart, Sam Richard
Dogett, Thomas Edward
Hierrell, Ray Norman
Fike, Paul Egbert
Fitz, Arthur Oscar
Webber, James Henry
Atkinson, Bennie C.

Osteen, Howard
Askins, Fred Joseph
Smith, Carle Lee
Treadwell, A. Elroy
Hagen, Geo. Edward
Gebhart, John Armin
Alexander, L. Ralph

PROMOTIONS

TO MASTER GUNNERY SERGEANT:
Spart, Gust
TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
McKeown, Robert A. Murrell, Hunter H.
(COMM) (COMM)
Bailey, Howard A.
(COMM)
TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT:
Foster, Joseph R.
TO FIRST SERGEANT:
Kasperek, John J. Perkins, Paul G.
Okerstrom, Melvin M. Russo, Charles C.
Abrams, George H. Sullivan, Dan
TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Shaw, S. N. (AVIA) Woodburn, J. E., Jr.
Bogert, C. E. (COMM) (PAB)
Jones, E. C. (COMM) Kazmaier, W. K.
Wrobel, Peter P. (COMM)
(BAKER) Novak, S. A. (COMM)
Rateiffe, E. N. (AVIA)
TO PLATOON SERGEANT:
Stone, Donald M. Nelson, Harold S.
Tabbutt, Harold D. Protheroe, Charles H.
Gialanella, Anthony, Jr. Buckley, Robert P.
Smith, Lambert J. Smith, Lambert J.
Kemper, Allison Maher, Joseph A.
Kennedy, Frank E. Paisley, John J.
Meyers, William E. Pritchard, Gilbert C.
TO STAFF SERGEANT:
Burt, C. M. (COMM) Niekowal, M. J. (AVIA)
Evans, J. R. (CLER) Noland, G. H. (AVIA)
Seath, T. J. (CLER) Preble, William
Johnson, R. E. (MESS) Smith, G. F. (PAY)
Ma-tin, J. F. (QM) Giff, L. E. (QM)
Mesh, M. E. (AVIA) (MECH)
TO SERGEANT:
Arrington, Raymond O. Rick, N. V. (LINE)
(FIRE) Anelski, R. J. (LINE)
Catallo, M. L. (LINE) Billey, G. J. (LINE)
Corvi, J. A. (AVIA) Bishop, R. M. (LINE)
Crockett, J. L. (MCS) Cardell, T. J. (LINE)
Cronk, R. A. (AM) Castner, S. C. (LINE)
Hutchinson, Ora M., Jr. Combs, D. V. (LINE)
(PAY) Green, L. L. (LINE)
Jacobs, P. C. (PAY) Jowers, R. M. (LINE)
Kaplan, John J. Klinger, D. W. (LINE)
(COMM) Lovett, P. E. (LINE)
King, E. "D" (QM) Martin, J. B. (LINE)
Millican, P. F. (PAY) Metheny, A. (LINE)
Morton, P. G. (PAY) Miller, Frank D., Jr.
Reaves, T. E. (QM) (BRAYER)
Strickland, Marvin D. McBrayer, Harry G., Jr. (LINE)
(COMM) Blackmon, Cliff (QM)
Woody, J. L. (COMM) Cary, R. B. (QM)
Mize, A. McL. (PAY) Foerschler, L. G. (QM)
Adams, C. C. (LINE) Jones, J. P. (LINE)
Cziak, C. S. (LINE) Welch, W. J. (LINE)
Huddy, G. Y. (LINE) Rives, E. E. (LINE)
Addis, W. J. (LINE) Robinson, J. A. (LINE)
Jones, H. L. (SHIPS) Rose, R. J. (LINE)
Morris, H. L. (LINE) Russell, J. J. (LINE)
Smith, A. D. (LINE) Seavey, G. G. (LINE)
Tade, W. J. (QM) Wilson, Otto (LINE)
Mignacero, J. (LINE) Wing, R. W. (LINE)
Alexander, Raymond B. Wolf, W. J. (LINE)
(LINE) Boston, H. C. (LINE)
Armstrong, Donald E. Goldberg, A. A. (LINE)
(LINE) Bendokas, Daniel L. P. McEwen, C. W. (LINE)
Adams, C. C. (LINE) Adams, L. E. (AVIA)
Boss, M. J. (LINE) Baughman, D. J. (QM)
Brown, J. M. (LINE) Campbell, Robert H., Jr. (QM)
Cook, H. D. (LINE) DeBenedictis, Daniel J.
Crews, M. O. (LINE) (AVIA)
DiLugi, E. (LINE) Dupre, P. J. (QM)
Dingwall, David R. Evans, L. N. (AVIA)
(LINE) Hameric, Hugh H., Jr.
(LINE) (AVIA)
Donnelly, Daniel J., Jr. Johnson, F. (COMM)
Duckett, B. L. (LINE) Koenig, V. H. (LINE)
Eaker, F. D. (LINE) Livingston, Winford R.
Feagin, C. M. (LINE) (PAY)
Gagne, R. J. (LINE) Miller, William H., Jr.
Giles, A. M. (LINE) (FIRE)
Greenlee, G. R. (LINE) Nolan, J. J. (AVIA)
Hayes, Glen McN. (LINE) Reed, R. W. (SHIP)
(LINE) Hehda, P. K. (LINE) Saitta, F. H. (QM)
Henderson, Ashton L., Jr. Seyfert, F. O. P. (QM)
(LINE) Persky, W. (QM)
Jordan, R. H. (LINE) Barnyank, George J.
LaSalle, R. E. (LINE) (LINE)
Long, D. R. (LINE) Bessley, H. J. (LINE)
Mallory, D. L. (LINE) Cook, Andrew F., Jr.
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Mattos, C. (LINE) Dykes, T. M. (LINE)
Miller, J. O. (LINE) Gilman, K. (LINE)
Mims, W. P. (LINE) Goldstein, J. (LINE)
Morrill, H. T. (LINE) Grathwohl, Henry, Jr.
Norhouser, J. (LINE) (LINE)
Nuckols, William H., Jr. (LINE)
Pollette, H. (LINE)
TO CORPORAL:
Badgett, D. (LINE) Taylor, V. E. (LINE)

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Lee
Elroy
Edward
Armin
Ralph

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G.
C.

E., Jr.

K.

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Rund, M. F. (LINE)
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Briggs, K. J. (AVIA)
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Canaday, Paul D. (SHIP)
Clark, A. Z. (LINE)
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Cummins, William R., Jr. (LINE)
Damsgaard, Dennis D. (SHIP)
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Davis, H. B. (LINE)
Deery, T. J. (COMM)
Dies, F. (AVIA)
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Drake, Elmer S., Jr. (LINE)
Dutton, P. R. (COMM)
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Finch, K. W. (SHIP)
Finch, LeR. A. (LINE)
Flood, W. K. (SHIP)
Foss, C. W. (SHIP)
Frank, C. P. (QM)
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Cox, A. D. (LINE)
Thiede, E. A. (LINE)
Smith, R. D. (LINE)
Clark, R. T. (LINE)
McIntyre, K. C. (LINE)
McKay, W. A. (QM)
McNally, P. (QM)
McQueney, Francis P.
(AVIA)
Hart, L. (LINE)
Gram, H. M. (LINE)
Gemoets, E. E. (LINE)
Garrison, Lancelot Y.
(LINE)
Fredette, Warren H.
(LINE)
Fischer, P. H. (LINE)
Dowling, B. C. (LINE)
Dionisopoulos, James G.
(LINE)
Davis, Walter C. Jr.
(LINE)
Cranford, A. B. (LINE)
Cowan, J. B. (LINE)
Cline, J. Jr. (LINE)
Clark, J. R. (LINE)
Cerni, L. A. (LINE)
Buffamonte, Vincent J.
(LINE)
Brown, W. G. (LINE)
Brister, J. E. (LINE)
Breitling, Joseph O.
(LINE)
Boyd, W. (LINE)
Bowen, V. G. (LINE)
Blanchard, Werlein A.
(LINE)
Beres, A. W. (LINE)
Belinsky, G. (LINE)

Voss, N. W. (LINE)
Whately, S. E. (QM)
Woodrum, R. (LINE)
Lewis, G. Lav. (LINE)
Sikes, D. F. (LINE)
Ashby, A. M. (QM)
Bechthold, Phillip, Jr.
(LINE)
Beck, M. (LINE)
Blackburn, V. M. (QM)
Butterfield, W. E.
(AVIA)
Climinial, James A.
(SHIP)
Clough, C. E. (LINE)
Crider, "J" "T"
(LINE)
Croas, W. D. (AVIA)
Daniels, W. N. (AVIA)
Dryden, R. L. (COMM)
Finch, L. L. (QM)
Fuller, H. J. (AVIA)
Gage, M. E. (LINE)
George, H. A. (AVIA)
Hanel, O. S. (LINE)
Hazelwood, Harold R.
(COMM)
Irwin, W. A. (AVIA)
Keeter, H. W. (LINE)
Kitchen, K. L. (FM)
Kolokinsky, Theodore
(LINE)
Lathrom, E. H. (LINE)
Ross, B. (QM)
Mahoney, J. J. (QM)
Martell, R. F. (LINE)
Miller, G. H. (SHIPS)
Miller, N. (AVIA)
Murphy, P. I. (AVIA)
Tanner, R. L. (QM)
Tucker, R. J. (QM)
Vernon, J. O. (F.C.)
Waggoner, R. J. (QM)
Woodcock, H. (F.C.)
Woods, E. S. (F.C.)
Williams, "I" "D"
(LINE)
Wilmet, J. R. (LINE)
Woehlk, E. H. (LINE)
Wynne, H. S. (LINE)
Young, G. F. (LINE)
Adams, G. L. (LINE)
Barton, W. W. (LINE)
Blumchay, Alfred J.
(LINE)
Bonaldes, Louis J.
(LINE)
Bradley, J. A. (LINE)
Cleeland, David A.
(LINE)
Champoux, Neil G.
(LINE)
Collier, Homer E. Jr.
(AVIA)
Connolly, Alexander I.
(LINE)
Cooper, Richard M.
(FIRE)
Cope, D. E. (LINE)

Arrowood, Arnold G.
(LINE)
Adamson, Clark R.
(LINE)
Kinman, Harold "J"
(LINE)
Lagarde, A. J. (LINE)
Latno, Leon A. Jr.
(LINE)
Le Comte, Maurice P.
(LINE)
Lee, "J" "D" (LINE)
Luther, H. J. (LINE)
Macoski, W. (LINE)
Milner, R. D. (LINE)
Miller, S., Jr. (LINE)
Milner, Ralph D.
(LINE)
Minney, J. J. (LINE)
Moore, C. R. (LINE)
Moore, J. D. (LINE)
Mowery, E. J. (LINE)
McCormick, Luther
(LINE)
McEvoy, H. J. (LINE)
McIntire, Calvin W.
(LINE)
McLean, A. C. (LINE)
Naney, Meade M. Jr.
(LINE)
Nixon, G. C. (LINE)
Oakles, J. T. (LINE)
O'Handly, Eugene F.
(LINE)
Poodyry, F. E. (LINE)
Priector, H. D. (LINE)
Repine, H. W. (LINE)
Rhyne, R. L. (LINE)
Riley, C. T. (LINE)
Roark, R. P. (LINE)
Sabot, E. J. (LINE)
Schlanker, Joseph L.
(LINE)
Sissel, G. W. (LINE)
Smith, F. G. (LINE)
Smith, G. W. (LINE)
Smith, H. L. (LINE)
Smith, W. M. (LINE)
Smith, W. R. (LINE)
Stabile, M. D. (LINE)
Stafford, George M.
(LINE)
Stager, A. W. (LINE)
Stec, H. J. (LINE)
Tetlus, H. J. (LINE)
Tucker, B. W. (LINE)
Van Buskirk, George
M. (LINE)
Wardell, Jack F.
(LINE)
Wegrzynowicz, Benj.
(LINE)
Weldon, C. L. (LINE)
Werland, Harry A.
(LINE)
Whelan, D. W. (LINE)
Whitney, Jack V.
(LINE)
Wyllie, J. M. (LINE)
Yates, W. H. (LINE)
Tedesco, G. M. (LINE)
Bauer, F. J. (LINE)
McClure, Lee W.
(LINE)
Groves, A. H. (LINE)
Lasky, Joseph (LINE)
Denner, M. L. (LINE)
Lowe, K. E. (LINE)
Fichlie, P. C. (LINE)
Gentzler, Weldon R.
(LINE)
Gray, J. P. (LINE)
Haislip, S. L. (LINE)
Taulbee, R. (LINE)
Hammack, Gene A.
(LINE)
Drummond, Mark A.
(LINE)
Weir, C. E. (LINE)
Barr, D. D. (LINE)
Barton, D. (LINE)
Berry, F. F. (LINE)
Bishop, W. R. (LINE)
Bloomquist, Garfield H.
(LINE)
Bond, W. D. (LINE)
Brown, M. J. (LINE)
Cischo, J. J. (LINE)
Cischo, S. A. (LINE)
Conklin, F. A. (LINE)
Cooper, R. C. (LINE)
Daniels, W. K. (LINE)
DeGrasse, J. C. (MCI)
DeJohn, A. A. (LINE)
Depue, I. Q. (LINE)
Dixon, G. "E" (LINE)
Dohrowski, Henry D.
(LINE)
Edwards, J. J. (LINE)
Elder, L. H. (LINE)
Falvey, D. A. (LINE)
Fengler, F. L. (LINE)
Finkbohner, Edward C.
(LINE)

Darracott, Charles M.
(LINE)
DeVine, R. E. (LINE)
Edwards, J. C. (LINE)
Ellis, "E" "J" Jr.
(SHIP)
Ewing, Ovel L. Jr.
(LINE)
Ford, C. M. (LINE)
Freeman, Ralph S. Jr.
(LINE)
Funtach, Andrew J.
(LINE)
Glemser, Normand N.
(LINE)
Glover, F. W. (SHIP)
Harris, B. B. (LINE)
Hoff, R. S. (FM)
Hosbach, Carl M.
(COMM)
Jones, D. G. (LINE)
Kalusa, J. (QM)
Kennedy, William T.
(LINE)
Kindler, Meryl "D"
(QM)
Knotts, H. A. (PAY)
Kolodinsky, T. (MCS)
Lair, R. A. Jr. (LINE)
Lane, W. F. (LINE)
Lang, W. A. (QM)
Layton, W. F. (LINE)
Linderbeck, George S.
(LINE)
Lookabill, Lyle D.
(FIRE)
Maddox, E. R. (LINE)
Marsh, W. J. (LINE)
Marshall, Woodrow W.
(LINE)
Martin, S. E. (LINE)
Mason, B. H. (LINE)
Massengill, Wayland A.
(LINE)
Massie, I. E. (AVIA)
Moon, Buford M. Jr.
(LINE)
McCardle, Kenneth E.
(CLER)
McCollough, Harold
(LINE)
McGrath, William B.
(CLER)
Parker, J. W. (LINE)
Pond, C. M. (LINE)
Popielars, C. (MESS)
Rothberg, M. (LINE)
Ruppersberger, Lester
(LINE)
Russin, S. (LINE)
Shalla, R. R. (LINE)
Shamrock, Elmer H.
(LINE)
Shanolt, Harry O.
(LINE)
Siler, C. C. (LINE)
Sinatra, M. F. (LINE)
Smilie, C. A. (SHIP)
Spencer, R. N. (LINE)
Strong, J. M. (LINE)
Strzelwicz, J. (LINE)
Sugla, L. B. (LINE)
Ware, T. H. (LINE)
Wilkins, Laverne A.
(COMM)
Williams, P. C. (SHIP)
Arras, L. H. (LINE)
Baker, P. W. (QM)
Balzarini, H. (QM)
Banas, W. J. (QM)
Barrows, Robert E.
(SHIP)
Benedict, Kempton A.
(QM)
Blair, D. R. (LINE)
Brooke, Bethel E. Jr.
(COMM)
Bookhardt, Henry A.
(QM)
Booz, Jack S. (QM)
Bryant, James P. H.
Jr. (QM)
Bucci, A. A. (PAY)
Bullen, James (QM)
Corbett, L. V. (LINE)
Counsell, Robert H.
(SHIP)
Crosby, T. A. (QM)
Dace, R. E. (SHIP)
Daley, L. H. (QM)
Dittbenner, Kenneth R.
(COMM)
Doggrett, Olney (QM)
Dungan, W. M. (QM)
Eagle, L. G. (QM)
Fleming, R. M. (QM)
Ford, W. E. (QM)
Fownes, W. C. (MCI)
Gitz, Harold L. (QM)
Hall, R. C. (QM)
Hanna, C. M. (QM)
Huff, F. M. (AVIA)
Jacewicz, J. J. (QM)
Klock, L. R. (FM)

DeRosa, D. (LINE)
Ford, Eliphalet M. Jr.
(LINE)
Galluci, B. I. (LINE)
Garcia, F. F. (LINE)
Gonzales, Joseph C.
(LINE)
Goolsbe, L. C. (LINE)
Gori, J. B. Jr. (LINE)
Henke, E. F. (LINE)
Herrmann, James M.
(LINE)
Johnson, Wyatt, Jr.
(LINE)
Kerns, J. B. (LINE)
Koval, F. (LINE)
Marchio, Guido J.
(LINE)
Matheson, Clifford K.
(LINE)
Miller, H. L. (LINE)
Miner, C. H. (LINE)
Moreland, John S.
(LINE)
Morzynski, Edward J.
(LINE)
McFall, R. S. (LINE)
Norris, H. C. (LINE)
Nustrom, P. V. (MCI)
Oakes, A. M. (LINE)
Palermo, James M.
(LINE)
Phillips, E. J. (LINE)
Plick, F. Y. (LINE)
Pruthi, J. D. (LINE)
Retzlaff, H. C. (LINE)
Richardson, Bill R.
(LINE)
Lewis, W. E. (LINE)
Linnan, J. K. (SHIP)
Longnecker, Hensel G.
(LINE)
Moskale, S. J. (COMM)
McCalmon, Earl J.
(SHIP)
Norris, Charles E. Jr.
(SHIP)
Norman, G. E. (SHIP)
Ormseth, Orville K.
(COMM)
Overstreet, T. (LINE)
Pool, W. H. Jr. (QM)
Ray, P. A. L. (LINE)
Stone, M. L. (PAY)
Whidden, Thomas E.
(COMM)
Wooding, J. W. (MCS)
Boguet, A. P. (LINE)
Wittenbach, Orville E.
(LINE)
Hope, M. L. (LINE)
Mokrzycki, Casimir A.
(LINE)
Smith, G. P. (LINE)
Meehan, William P.
(LINE)
Sech, N. (LINE)
Harvey, J. C. (QM)
Hajtun, Paul (QM)
Aikine, Ross S. (QM)
Galzo, M. S. (QM)
Young, A. (LINE)
Scholten, T. J. (LINE)
Nave, Bert (LINE)

MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

Corp. Williams S. Ferdon—to 1st Mar. Div.
Sft. Sgt. Paul E. Magee—to MB, Quantico, Va.
Corp. Jack P. Gray—to MB, Wash.
MTSgt. James A. Crosby—to MB, New River.
Corp. Maurice J. Muck—to MB, PSNYd, Brenton.
SftSgt. Vernon A. LaRose—to 2nd MAW, FMF.
Sgt. Frank C. Trumble—to SRD, New Orleans.
Sgt. Lewis W. Kincaid—to USS "Hornet."
Tech Sgt. John P. Green, Jr.—to Pensacola.
TSgt. Alvin D. Warner—to 1st MAW.
TSgt. John A. Tallant—to USS "Yorktown."
PISgt. Eugene Stevenson—to USS Ranger.
TSgt. Charles A. Noell—to Active duty HQ USMC.
1stSgt. John J. Locke—to NTS, Great Lakes.
Corp. Richard I. Waller—to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.
MastTechSgt. Paul J. Heckman—to MB, Quantico, Va.
Sft. James F. Lynch—to HRDS, Louis CRD.
Tech Sgt. Woodrow W. Gill—to Parris Island.
Tech. Sgt. Wilburn K. Rogers—to MB, New River.
SftSgt. John W. Cook, Jr.—to MAR, AIR Sta., Cunningham Field, New Bern, N. C.
TSgt. Walter E. Malin—to Cunningham Field, New Bern, N. C.
TSgt. Domenick Muccliarone—to Cunningham Field, New Bern, N. C.
Sft. Walter J. Hladki—to Cunningham Field, New Bern, N. C.
Sgt. Samuel Schwartz—to Cunningham Field, New Bern, N. C.
Corp. Vincent T. Gulfo—to BAD—2.
Mess Sgt. Glen O. Reed—to MCB, San Diego.
SupSgt. William C. Anderson—to San Diego.
Corp. George E. Richards—to 1st Div.
SftSgt. John W. Prennall—to Lakehurst, N. J.
Corp. Dallas M. Reynolds—to MB, NAD, Corpus Christi.
SftSgt. Frederick A. Vernon—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
Sgt. Monroe L. Bracey—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
Sgt. William B. Carrell—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
Corp. Edward J. Wallof—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
Corp. Billy L. Williams—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
Sgt. Robert C. Spears—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
Corp. John H. Wagner—to MB, NAS, Pensacola Flight Tra.
MessSgt. Charles Cherepko—to NBG, Wash.
GySgt. Tony Rosko—to MCB, San Diego.
Sft. QMg. William E. Lukrofka—to MCB, NOB, San Diego.
Corp. Lawson Jones—to Recruiting, Nashville.
Sgt. Waldo J. Aleshire—to MB, NAS, Pensacola.
Corp. Robert C. Drummond—to MB, NYd, Boston.
Corp. William E. Gordon—to RD Chicago, 111 706 U. S. Court House.
Corp. Charles A. Krueger—to Nearest Marbake, US.
Corp. Findley J. Shepherd—to Nearest Marbake, US.
PISgt. Thomas R. Mitchell—to GTMO.
TSgt. William B. Crap—to US for Discharge.
Corp. William H. Yancey—to HQ, Phila.

1. SupSgt. William H. Posey—to MB, Quantico, Va.
2. Corp. David D. Bornhauser—to MB, NTS, Great Lakes.
3. Sgt. Ray E. McCarthy—to US.
4. Sgt. Lloyd G. Childress—to MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z.
5. PlSgt. Henry V. Butler—to MB, Quantico.
6. PlSgt. Albert E. Helmick—to MB, Quantico.
7. PlSgt. James C. Musgrove—to MB, Quantico.
8. PlSgt. Purvis Sparks—to MB, Quantico.
9. PlSgt. George L. Williams—to MB, Quantico.
10. Sgt. Meyer Labelle—to MB, Quantico.
11. Sgt. James E. Cockrum—to MB, Quantico.
12. PlSgt. Homer D. Lyke—to MB, Quantico.
13. Sgt. Merico L. Catallo—to MB, Quantico.
14. Corp. Mark N. Miller—to MB, Quantico.
15. Sgt. William J. Jacisin—to MB, Quantico.
16. Sgt. Theodore A. Czajkowski—to 1st MAW.
17. Corp. Albert C. Hemphill—to MB, NAS, Jacksonville.
18. Sgt. Everett Z. Wilson—to 1st MAW.
19. Sgt. Charles C. Harvey—to 2nd Div.
20. Sgt. Charles V. Davi—to NEPA.
21. TSgt. Arthur R. Marcus—to 1st MAW.
22. Sgt. Francis Nier—to MB, Phila.
23. Corp. Warren H. Rober—to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
24. Corp. Carl A. Suess—to 1st Mar. Div.
25. Sgt. Willis L. Kay—to MB, Quantico.
26. Corp. James F. Mayenschein—to MB, NOP, S. Charleston.
27. Tech. Sgt. Cheston L. Raichart—to NRAB, Anacostia.
28. Sgt. Bill H. Allen—to 1st Base Depot, FMF, NTd, Charleston.
29. TSgt. Herold E. Roser—to MB, NAS, Pensacola.
30. Sgt. Bill H. Allen—to 1st Base Depot, FMF, NOB, Norfolk.
31. PlSgt. Joseph R. Crosby—to Sea School.
32. GySgt. Carl Raines—to 1st Base Depot, FMF, NOB, Norfolk.
33. GySgt. Joseph J. Vlach—to 1st Base Depot, FMF, NOB, Norfolk.
34. "Sgt. Jerome S. Frimm—to 1st Base Depot, FM, NOB, Norfolk.
35. Sgt. Alfred W. Pike—to 1st Base Depot, FMF, NOB, Norfolk.
36. GySgt. Donald F. Hamill—to 2nd Div.
37. Corp. Charles F. Harmon—to 2nd Div.
38. Sgt. Albert B. Hrosik—to MB, Parris Island.
39. GySgt. Aldace P. Rohmler—to MCB, San Diego.
40. Corp. Wilfred D. Holdren—to 1st MAW, FMF.
41. StSgt. Steven A. Cupster—to 1st Div.
42. TSgt. Michael M. Marke—to MB, Quantico, Va.
43. StSgt. Edward L. Moore—to MB, Quantico, Va.
44. StSgt. Richard G. Thomas—to MB, Quantico, Va.
45. StSgt. Williams H. Collins—to MB, Quantico.
46. Sgt. Andrew Campbell—to MB, Quantico.
47. Corp. Francis A. Meloro—to MB, Quantico.
48. StSgt. Harrison P. Fail, to MB, Quantico.
49. StSgt. Clifford A. Young—to MB, Quantico.
50. Sgt. Walter A. Furness—to MB, Quantico.
51. Sgt. Jake B. Hill—to MB, Quantico.
52. Sgt. Robert E. Wise—to MB, Quantico.
53. Corp. Bernard W. Baucum—to MB, Quantico.
54. Corp. Robin Edwards—to MB, Quantico.
55. Corp. Edward B. Kuhne—to MB, Quantico.
56. Corp. Harry R. Lowry—to MB, Quantico.
57. Corp. Dee T. Montgomery—to MB, Quantico.
58. StSgt. Lionel S. Reynolds—to MB, Quantico.
59. Corp. Raymond E. Gunther—to MB, Quantico.
60. StSgt. Richard E. Stewart—to MB, Quantico.
61. Sgt. Eugene W. Brittain—to MB, NTS, Great Lakes.
62. TechSgt. Ralph W. Morrow—to MB, NTS, Great Lakes.
63. Corp. Frank A. Goebel—to MB, Quantico.
64. TSgt. Louis S. Fowler—to Second Div.
65. Sgt. Robert A. Cronk—to MB, Quantico.
66. Corp. George P. Smith—to MB, NAS, Miami.
67. Sgt. Porter F. Millacan—to 2nd Div. Pa.
68. Sgt. Allan F. MacLean—to Quantico.
69. Sgt. John T. Bates—to MB, Nyd, Wash.
70. Sgt. Thomas C. Fenton—to MB, Nyd, Charleston.
71. Sgt. Michael Rodosovich, Jr.—to MB, New York.
72. Corp. Russell A. Ke—to MB, NOB, Norfolk.
73. Sgt. Edward J. Orem—to HRD, Phila.
74. Sgt. Valentine Felepek—to MB, Nyd, Phila.
75. Sgt. John M. Dotak—to 1st Div.
76. PlSgt. Robert J. Kolb—to USS "Mississippi."
77. GySgt. Raymond D. Chaney—to USS "Nashville."
78. Sgt. Horace C. Reifel—to 1st MAW, FMF.
79. Sgt. Kenneth Johnson—to MB, Nyd, Mare Island.
80. Corp. Jacob Winnie—to 1st Div.
81. Corp. Stanley M. Andreshak—to MB, Nyd, Wash. D. C.
82. Corp. Kenton Weathershy—to MB, Nyd, Portsmouth.
83. 1st Sgt. James P. Evans—NAD, Dover, N. J.
84. Corp. Andrew J. Funtsch—to MCB, San Diego.
85. Sgt. Eugene P. Beach—to US for Discharge.
86. Corp. Argyle R. Knight—to US for Discharge.
87. StSgt. Howard H. Hicks—to MB, NAS, Pensacola.
88. GSgt. Frank J. Hubka—to MB, NAS, Pensacola.
89. Corp. Ollie Michael—to MB, NAS, Pensacola.
90. Gy Sgt. Robert E. Schneeman—to USS "Wasp."

Corp. William A. Andrews—to HRD, Savannah.
GySgt. Raymond D. Chaney—to USS "Nash-
ville."
Corp. Edgar F. Gaudette, Jr.—to MB, NAS,
Pensacola.
Corp. Woodrow T. Jones—to MB, NAS, Corpus
Christi.
StSgt. William C. Thomas—to MCB, San Diego.
StSgt. Dean F. Witkoski—to MB, NYd, Pearl
Harbor.
PlSgt. Frank C. Grote—to USS "North Caro-
lina."
Sgt. Richard P. Haley—to St. Thomas.
Sgt. Otto B. Callaway—to San Diego.
GySgt. William J. Peterman—to San Diego.
Sgt. Charles M. Nelson—to Boston.
Sgt. Louis R. R. Preysaz, Jr.—to Quantico.
Corp. Frank M. Bolek—to Great Lakes.
Corp. Theo Kolodinsky—to AF.
Corp. Frank W. Olwreski—to Lakehurst.
GySgt. J. D. Gohr—to Cuba.
GySgt. Jos. A. Robert—to Roosevelt Rds.
Corp. James Newell, Jr.—to New York.
PlSgt. St. Elmo M. Raney—to Quantico.
Sgt. Vern H. Koenig—to PI.
Sgt. Lester C. G-einer—to Iona Island.
Corp. Jos T. Rabbitt—to BAD-I.
GySgt. Lonnie R. McLain—to 1st Mar. Div.
Sgt. Jay T. Cloud—to NYd, Wash.
Sgt. John F. Weer—to NYd, Wash.
Sgt. Wm. T. McCullough—to NYd, Wash.
PlSgt. Edward P. Walsh—to Cuba.
PlSgt. John J. O'Connell—to NH to Cuba.
Corp. Ralph S. Freeman—to 2d Mar. Div.
PlSgt. James D. Jacoby—to Cuba.
Sgt. Maj. Bernard J. Durr—to New York.
TSgt. Herman H. Jones—to 1st Base Depot
FMF.
MTSgt. Thos. W. Hyland—to 6th DB.
MTSgt. Richard A. Hardisty—to 4th DB.
Sgt. Donald L. Spenser—to Asiatic.
TSgt. Jesse C. Quantelbaum—to Cuba.
1stSgt. Marion R. LeNair—to Lakehurst PTT.
Corp. Thos. B. Wells—to Lakehurst PTT.
Corp. Wm. S. Bell—to Lakehurst PTT.
Corp. Ralph H. Alderman—to Lakehurst PTT.
Corp. Gordon E. Jackson—to Lakehurst PTT.
Corp. Raymond Lamb—to Lakehurst PTT.
Corp. Emmett D. O'Donnell—to Lakehurst PTT.
StfSgt. Fayette A. Carlin—to Pearl Harbor.
StfSgt. Theo. R. Doodley—to Pearl Harbor.
Sgt. John J. Waver—to Pearl Harbor.
Corp. Leonard F. Kilmartin—to Pearl Harbor.
Corp. Robert E. Voss—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Jacob H. Latimer—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Jules H. Aydell—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Carl J. Jackel—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Boyd T. Peeler—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Loren I. Anderson—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Roy C. Newkirk—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Peter Christanko—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Wm. D. Hays—to Phila. AS.
Corp. J. V. Dean—to Phila. AS.
Corp. Walter F. Gorski—to Phila. AS.
Sgt. John A. Rapp—to MB, Pearl Harbor.
PMSgt. Raymond C. Shess—to 1st Mar. Div.
Sgt. Donald H. French—to MB, Pearl Harbor.
Corp. Lyle E. Boyd—to 2d MAW for MAG21.
Corp. Ozzell W. Milam—to Quantico.
Sgt. Charlie G. Mahe—to Norfolk SS.
StfSgt. Vincent J. Moylan—to San Juan.
TSgt. Britton A. Garlow—to MG 21.
Sgt. Lester J. Sadler—to RD, Oklahoma.
Sgt. John V. Huff—to 1st Mar. Div.
Corp. Ernest C. Kirby—to 1st Mar. Div.
Corp. Robt. N. Lewis—to 1st Mar. Div.
Sgt. Peter T. Murello—to New York.

TAP8

The following deaths have been reported to the Marine Corps Headquarters Casualty Section during the month of November, 1941:

ROACH, George Sherman, 2d Lt., USMCR, active, died 19 November, 1941, at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Roach, parents, 350 West Latham Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

VANDER HEYDEN, Curtis Remick, 2d Lt., USMC, died 17 November, 1941, near Lillian, Alabama. Next of kin: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Vander Heyden, parents, 2311 Malcolm Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

EVANS, Frank Edgar, Brig. Gen., USMC, retired, died 25 November, 1941, at U. S. Naval Hospital, Honolulu, T. H. Next of kin: Mrs. Alleen Fisk Evans, wife, 426 Ulili Street, Honolulu, T. H.

BATES, Thomas Joseph, Sgt., USMC, died 9 November, 1941, at Norfolk Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia. Next of kin: Mr. Thomas H. Bates, father, 1165 Seventy-Seventh Street, Brooklyn, New York.

CHURCH, Theodore Hamilton, Pvt., USMC, died 27 November, 1941, at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. William L. Church, father, Route No. 1, Purlear, North Carolina.

IN THE NEWS

Excerpts from the Country's Leading Magazines and Newspapers

"THE MARINES HAVE LANDED! — AND ARE STILL THERE"

The oldest armed force of the U. S. is the Marine Corps; and without any West Point or Annapolis or Randolph Field to call its own, as a sort of ruffian stepchild of the Navy, the Marine Corps has piled up an inspiring record, crowned now by the magnificent defense of Wake Island against the Japs.

And when you cut through the colorful traditions of the Marines, the romance and the glamor, you find a very hard-headed combat structure, which encompasses all the fields you find under the German High Command

. . . . They have made about 200 landings in foreign nations since they were founded by the Continental Congress November 10, 1775.

And in the course of these 200 landings, they have developed the 3-dimensional striking-power that makes our Marine Corps a hip-pocket edition of what Hitler designed as the German High Command:

The Marines have their own Air Corps—fighters, bombers, patrol planes.

Lately, they have developed their own Amphibian Tank Battalions, to act as landing forces.

The Marine Paratroops have been organized rapidly and their training routine compares favorably with that of the superman "commandos" of the British Army.

In connection with their Paratroops, the Marine Air Force has developed the technique of carrying troops by air transport.

The Paratroops have perfected a technique of jumping from less than 1,000 feet, to shorten the period when they are "easy meat" for machine-gunners on the ground. . . .

. . . . The Marines have been "on top of" every new development in modern mechanized warfare; they have expanded three times in the past three years and their goal is about double their present strength.

But their technique is even more impor-

tant than their size and their tradition for great courage under fire.

Since Billy Mitchell preached and the Germans practiced synchronization of all fighting forces under a single High Command, the U. S. Marines have been one armed force of the U. S. that has quietly kept up with the times.

And on Wake Island they have proved that they are more than a match for any fighting enemies in the world.—Walt Whitman, New York Daily Mirror.

"SEND US SOME MORE JAPS," WAKE'S MARINES ANSWER

Take it for what it's worth, but this is the story that has been circulating in Honolulu:

When Navy officials established contact with the Marine garrison defending tiny Wake Island they asked, "Is there anything you want?"

"Yes," came the reply, "send us some more Japs."

—Washington Evening Star

"From the Halls of Montezuma
To the Shores of Tripoli
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea."

Beyond the International Date Line, where it is always tomorrow, Wake lifts itself in three desolate sandy specks in the midst of a watery nowhere. A clipper stop on Pan-Am's famed trans-Pacific run, it boasted a small hostel, an imposing concrete air-raid shelter recently built, a catch basin for rainwater, a hydroponic tank for growing vegetables, which the coral sands refused to nurture.

"Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun.
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun."

At Wake a tiny band of Marines made more of the Corps' imperishable history

that had its beginnings in the fighting tops of John Paul Jones' Ranger and Bon Home Richard. They had been there since the first day of the war, beating off attack after attack by the Jap, shooting down his planes, sinking his battleships, probably knocking the spots out of his landing parties. It was "Probably" because Wake's Marines—well-trained rifle marksmen, as all Leathernecks are—were busy at their prime calling. Between fighting they had little time for dispensing news.

"In the snow of far-off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes
You'll always find us on the job
The United States Marines."

The crew of the Philippine clipper was at Wake when the first attack came—18 Jap planes that bombed and strafed the construction camp, the dock and fuel installations. The Clipper was ordered back to Honolulu. The Marines stayed on. Somehow they managed to sink a Jap cruiser and a destroyer. They knocked down two enemy planes.

"Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve."

Farther west, at Guam, the part-Marine, part-Navy garrison had been subdued by the Japanese. Guam, long denied the sins of defense by a strangely bemused Congress, could have met no other fate. It was almost under the guns of the Japanese fortified island of Rota 70 miles to the north. But east of Wake, on Midway, Marines also stood fast. Quartered on an island group that is a paradise beside Wake, they sent out no news beyond the fact that they were still hanging on.

At the Marines' headquarters in Washington, their be-medaled Commandant, Major General Thomas Holcomb, said: "What the hell did you expect the Marines to do? Take it lying down."

"If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines."

—Time Magazine, Dec. 22, 1941.

**The Leatherneck Small-bore Trophy Contest
will be suspended for the duration of the war.**

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